AN Evening's Love. OR THE Mock-Astrologer.

Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL BY HIS MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

WRITTEN By
JOHN DRYDEN
Servant to His MAJESTY.

Mallem Convivis quàm placuisse Cocis. Mart.

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To his GRACE,

WILLIAM,

DUKE of *NEWCASTLE.*

One of His Majeſties moſt Honourable Privy Council; and of the moſt noble Order of the Garter, &c.

AMongſt thoſe few perſons of Wit and Honour, whoſe favourable opinion I have deſir'd, your own Virtue and my great obligations to your Grace, have juſtly given you the precedence. For what could be more glorious to me, than to have acquir'd ſome part of your eſteem, who are admir'd and honour'd by all good Men; who have been, for ſo many years together, the Pattern and Standard of Honor to the Nation: and whoſe whole life has been ſo great an example of Heroick Virtue, that we might wonder how it happen'd into an Age ſo corrupt as ours, if it had not likewiſe been a part of the former? As you came into the World with all the advantages of a noble Birth and Education, ſo you have rendred both, yet more conſpicuous by your Virtue. Fortune, indeed, has perpetually crown'd your undertakings with ſucceſs, but ſhe has only waited on your valour, not conducted it. She has miniſtred to your Glory like a ſlave, and has been led in triumph by it, or at moſt, while Honour led you by the Hand to Greatneſs, Fortune only follow'd to keep you from ſliding back in the aſcent. That which Plutarch *accounted her favour to* Cymon *and* Lucullus, *was but her juſtice to your Grace: and, never to have been overcome where you led in perſon, as it was more than* Hannibal *could boaſt, ſo it was all that providence could do for that party which it had reſolv'd to ruine. Thus, my Lord, the laſt ſmiles of victory were on your arms: and, every where elſe, declaring for the Rebels, ſhe ſeem'd to ſuſpend her ſelf, and to doubt, before ſhe took her flight, whether ſhe were able wholly to abandon that cauſe for which you fought.*

But the greateſt tryals of your Courage and Conſtancy were yet to come: many had ventur'd their fortunes, and expos'd their lives to the utmoſt dangers for their King and Countrey, who ended their Loyalty with the War: and ſubmitting to the iniquity of the times, choſe rather to redeem their former plenty by acknowledging an Uſurper, than to ſuffer with an unprofitable fidelity (as thoſe meaner ſpirits call'd it) for their lawful Soveraign. But, as I dare not accuſe ſo many of our Nobility, who were content to accept their Patrimonies from the clemency of the Conquerour, *and to retain only a ſecret veneration for their Prince, amidſt the open worſhip which they were forc'd to pay to the Uſurper, who had dethron'd him; ſo, I hope, I may have leave to extoll that Virtue which acted more generouſly; and which was not ſatisfy'd with an inward devotion to Monarchy, but produc'd it ſelf to view, and aſſerted the cauſe by open Martydom. Of theſe rare patterns of Loyalty your Grace was chief: thoſe examples you cou'd not find, you made. Some few* Cato's *there were with you, whoſe invincible reſolution could not be conquer'd by that* uſurping Cæſar: *your Virtue oppos'd it ſelf to his fortune, and overcame it, by not ſubmitting to it. The laſt and moſt difficult enterprize he had to effect, when he had conquer'd three Nations, was to ſubdue your ſpirits: and he dy'd weary of that War, and unable to finiſh it.*

In the mean time you liv'd more happily in your exile then the other on his Throne: your Loyalty made you friends and Servants amongſt Forreigners: and you liv'd plentifully without a fortune; for you liv'd on your own deſert and reputation. The glorious name of the valiant and faithful Newcaſtle, *was a Patrimony which cou'd never be exhauſted.*

Thus, my Lord, the morning of your Life was clear, and calm; and though it was afterwards overcaſt; yet, in that general ſtorm, you were never without a ſhelter. And now you are happily arriv'd to the evening of a day as ſerene, as the dawn of it was glorious: but ſuch an evening as, I hope, and almoſt propheſie, is far from night: 'Tis the Evening of a Summer's Sun, which keeps the day-light long within the Skies. The health of your body is maintain'd by the vigor of your mind: neither does the one ſhrink from the fatigue of exerciſe, nor the other bend under the pains of ſtudy. Methinks I behold in you another Caius Marius, *who in the extremity of his*

Age,

age, exercis'd himſelf almoſt every morning in the Campus Martius, *amongſt the youthful Nobility of* Rome. *And afterwards in your retirements, when you do Honor to Poetry, by employing part of your leaſure in it, I regard you as another* Silius Italicus, *who having paſs'd over his Conſulſhip with applauſe, diſmiſs'd himſelf from buſineſs, and from the Gown, and employ'd his age, amongſt the ſhades, in the reading and imitation of* Virgil.

In which, leſt any thing ſhould be wanting to your happineſs, you have, by a rare effect of Fortune, found in the perſon of your excellent Lady, not only a Lover, *but a Partner of your ſtudies. A Lady whom our Age may juſtly equal with the* Sappho *of the* Greeks, *or the* Sulpitia *of the* Romans. *Who, by being taken into your boſom, ſeems to be inſpir'd with your Genius: And by writing the Hiſtory of your Life, in ſo maſculine a Style, has already plac'd you in the Number of the Heroes. She has anticipated that great portion of Fame which envy often hinders a living Virtue from poſſeſſing: which wou'd, indeed, have been given to your aſhes, but with a latter payment: and, of which you could have no preſent uſe, except it were by a ſecret preſage of that which was to come, when you were no longer in a poſſibility of knowing it. So that if that were a praiſe or ſatisfaction to the greateſt of Emperors, which the moſt judicious of Poets gives him,*

Præſenti tibi maturos largimur honores, &c.

That the adoration which was not allowed to Hercules *and* Romulus *till after death, was given to* Auguſtus *living; then certainly it cannot be deny'd but that your Grace has receiv'd a double ſatisfaction: the one, to ſee your ſelf conſecrated to immortality while you are yet alive: the other, to have your praiſes celebrated by ſo dear, ſo juſt, and ſo pious an Hiſtorian.*

'Tis the conſideration of this that ſtops my Pen: though I am loath to leave ſo fair a ſubject, which gives me as much field as Poetry cou'd wiſh; and yet no more than truth can juſtify. But to attempt any thing of a Panegyrick, were to enterprize on your Lady's right; and to ſeem to affect thoſe praiſes, which none but the Dutcheſs of Newcaſtle *can deſerve, when ſhe writes the actions of her Lord. I ſhall therefore leave that wider ſpace, and contract my ſelf to thoſe narrow bounds which beſt become my* Fortune *and* Employment.

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The Epistle Dedicatory.

I am oblig'd my Lord, to return you not only my own acknowledgements; but to thank you in the name of former Poets, The manes *of* Johnson *and* D'avenant *seem to require it from me, that those favours which you plac'd on them, and which they wanted opportunity to own in publick, yet might not be lost to the knowledge of Posterity, with a forgetfulness unbecoming of the Muses, who are the Daughters of Memory. And give me leave, my Lord, to avow so much of vanity, as to say, I am proud to be their Remembrancer: for, by relating how gracious you have been to them, and are to me, I, in some measure, joyn my name with theirs: and the continu'd descent of your favors to me is the best Title which I can plead for my succession. I only wish, that I had as great reason to be satisfy'd with my self, in the return of our common acknowledgements, as your Grace may justly take in the conferring* them: *for I cannot but be very sensible that the present of an ill Comedy, which I here make you, is a very unsuitable way of giving thanks for them, who, themselves, have written so many better. This pretends to nothing more than to be a foyl to those Scenes, which are compos'd by the most noble Poet of our Age, and Nation: and to be set as a water-mark of the lowest Ebb, to which the wit of my Predecessor has sunk and run down in me: but, though all of 'em have surpass'd me in the* Scene; *there is one part of Glory in which I will not yield to any of them. I mean, my Lord, that Honour and Veneration which they had for you in their lives; and which I preserve after them, more holily than the Vestal fires were maintain'd from Age to Age; but with a greater degree of Heat, and of Devotion than theirs, as being with more respect and passion then they ever were*

Your GRACES most obliged, most

humble, and most obedient Servant

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE

PREFACE.

I Had thought, Reader, in this Preface to have written ſomewhat concerning the difference betwixt the Plays of our age, and thoſe of our Predeceſſors, on the Engliſh *Stage: to have ſhown in what parts of Dramatique Poeſie we were excell'd by* Ben. Johnſon, *I mean, Humour, and Contrivance of Comedy; and in what we may juſtly claim precedence of* Shakeſpear *and* Fletcher, *namely in Heroick Plays: but this deſign I have wav'd on ſecond conſiderations; at leaſt deferr'd it till I publiſh the Conqueſt of* Granada, *where the Diſcourſe will be more proper. I had alſo prepar'd to Treat of the improvement of our Language ſince* Fletcher's *and* Johnſon's *days, and conſequently of our refining the Courtſhip, Raillery, and Converſation of Plays: but as I am willing to decline that envy which I ſhou'd draw on my ſelf from ſome old opiniatre Judges of the Stage; ſo likewiſe I am preſt in time ſo much that I have not leiſure, at preſent, to go thorough with it. Neither, indeed, do I value a reputation gain'd from Comedy, ſo far as to concern my ſelf about it any more than I needs muſt in my own defence: for I think it, in its own nature, inferior to all ſorts of Dramatick writing. Low Comedy eſpecially requires, on the Writers part, much of converſation with the vulgar, and much of ill nature in the obſervation of their Follies. But let all Men pleaſe themſelves according to their ſeveral taſtes: that which is not pleaſant to me, may be to others who judge better. And, to prevent an accuſation from my Enemies, I am ſometimes ready to imagine that my diſguſt of Low Comedy proceeds not ſo much from my judgement as from my temper; which is the reaſon why I ſo ſeldom write it; and that when I ſucceed in it, (I mean ſo far as to pleaſe the Audience) yet I am nothing ſatisfy'd with what I have done; but am often vex'd to hear the people laugh, and clap, as they perpetually do, where I intended 'em no jeſt; while they let paſs the better things without taking notice of them. Yet, even this confirms me in my opinion of ſlighting popular applauſe, and of contemning that approbation which thoſe very people give, equally with me, to the Zany of a Mountebank; or to the appearance of an Antick on the Theatre, without wit*

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on the Poets part, or any occasion of laughter from the Actor, besides the ridiculousness of his Habit and his Grimaces.

But I have descended before I was aware, from Comedy to Farce; which consists principally of Grimaces. That I admire not any Comedy equally with Tragedy, is, perhaps, from the sullenness of my humor; but that I detest those Farces, which are now the most frequent Entertainments of the Stage, I am sure I have reason on my side. Comedy consists, though of low persons, yet of natural actions, and characters; I mean such humors, adventures, and designes, as are to be found and met with in the World. Farce, on the other side, consists of forc'd humours, and unnatural events: Comedy presents us with the imperfections of humane nature. Farce entertains us with what is monstruous and chimerical: the one causes laughter in those who can judge of Men and Manners; by the lively representation of their folly or corruption; the other produces the same effect in those who can judge of neither, and that only by its extravagances. The first works on the judgement and fancy; the latter on the fancy only: There is more of satisfaction in the former kind of laughter, and in the latter more of scorn. But, how it happens, that an impossible adventure should cause our mirth, I cannot so easily imagine. Something there may be in the oddness of it, because on the Stage it is the common effect of things unexpected to surprize us into a delight: and that is to be ascrib'd to the strange appetite, as I may call it, of the fancy; which, like that of a longing Woman, often runs out into the most extravagant desires; and is better satisfy'd sometimes with Loam, or with the Rinds of Trees, than with the wholesome nourishments of life. In short, there is the same difference betwixt Farce and Comedy, as betwixt an Empirique and a true Physitian: both of them may attain their ends; but what the one performs by hazard, the other does by skill. And as the Artist is often unsuccessful, while the Mountebank succeeds; so Farces more commonly take the people than Comedies. For to write unnatural things, is the most probable way of pleasing them, who understand not Nature. And a true Poet often misses of applause, because he cannot debase himself to write so ill as to please his Audience.

After all, it is to be acknowledg'd, that most of those Comedies, which have been lately written, have been ally'd too much to Farce: and this must of necessity fall out till we forbear the translation of French Plays: for their Poets wanting judgement to make, or to main-

maintain true characters, ſtrive to cover their defects with ridiculous Figures and Grimaces, While I ſay this, I accuſe my ſelf as well as others: and this very Play would riſe up in judgement againſt me, if I would defend all things I have written to be natural: but I confeſs I have given too much to the people in it, and am aſham'd for them as well as for my ſelf, that I have pleas'd them at ſo cheap a rate: not that there is any thing here which I would not defend to an ill-natur'd judge: (for I deſpiſe their cenſures, who I am ſure wou'd write worſe on the ſame ſubject:) but becauſe I love to deal clearly and plainly, and to ſpeak of my own faults with more criticiſm, than I would of another Poets; Yet I think it no vanity to ſay that this Comedy has as much of entertainment in it as many others which have been lately written: and, if I find my own errors in it, I am able at the ſame time, to arraign all my Contemporaries for greater. As I pretend not that I can write Humor, ſo none of them can reaſonably pretend to have written it as they ought. Johnſon *was the only man of all Ages and Nations, who has perform'd it well; and that but in three or four of his Comedies: the reſt are but a* Crambe bis cocta; *the ſame humours a little vary'd and written worſe: neither was it more allowable in him, than it is in our preſent Poets, to repreſent the follies of particular perſons; of which many have accus'd him.* Parcere perſonis, dicere de vitiis, *is the rule of Plays. And* Horace *tells you, that the old Comedy amongſt the* Grecians *was ſilenc'd for the too great liberties of the Poets.*

——In vitium libertas excidit & vim
Dignam lege regi: lex eſt accepta choruſque
Turpiter obticuit, ſublato jure nocendi.

Of which he gives you the reaſon in another place: where having given the precept.

Neve immunda crepent; ignominioſáque dicta:

He immediately ſubjoyns,

Offenduntur enim, quibus eſt equus, & pater, & res:

But Ben. Johnſon *is to be admir'd for many excellencies; and can be tax'd with fewer failings than any* Engliſh *Poet. I know I have been accus'd as an enemy of his writings; but without any other reaſon than that I do not admire him blindly, and without looking into his imperfections. For why ſhould he only be exempted from thoſe frailties, from which* Homer *and* Virgil *are not free? Or why ſhould there be any* ipſe dixit *in our Poetry, any more than there is in our Philoſophy*

I admire and applaud him where I ought: thoſe who do more do but value themſelves in their admiration of him: and by telling you they extoll Ben. Johnſon's *way, would inſinuate to you that they can practice it. For my part I declare that I want judgement to imitate him: and ſhould think it a great impudence in my ſelf to attempt it. To make men appear pleaſantly ridiculous on the Stage was, as I have ſaid, his talent: and in this he needed not the acumen of Wit, but that of Judgement. For the Characters and Repreſentations of folly are only the effects of obſervation; and obſervation is an effect of judgement. Some ingenious Men, for whom I have a particular eſteem, have thought I have much injur'd* Ben. Johnſon, *when I have not allow'd his Wit to be extraordinary: but they confound the notion of what is witty, with what is pleaſant. That* Ben. Johnſon's *Plays were pleaſant, he muſt want reaſon who denies: But that pleaſantneſs was not properly Wit, or the ſharpneſs of Conceit; but the natural imitation of folly: which I confeſs to be excellent in its kind, but not to be of that kind which they pretend. Yet if we will believe* Quintilian *in his Chapter* de Movendo riſu, *he gives his opinion of both in theſe following words,* Stulta reprehendere facillimum eſt; nam per ſe ſunt ridicula: & a deriſu non procul abeſt riſus: ſed rem urbanam facit aliqua ex nobis adjectio.

And ſome perhaps, wou'd be apt to ſay of Johnſon, *as it was ſaid of* Demoſthenes, Non diſplicuiſſe illi jocos, ſed non contigiſſe, *I will not deny but that I approve moſt the mixt way of Comedy; that which is neither all Wit, nor all Humour, but the reſult of both. Neither ſo little of Humour as* Fletcher *ſhews, nor ſo little of Love and Wit, as* Johnſon. *Neither all cheat, with which the beſt Plays of the one are fill'd, nor all adventure, which is the common practice of the other. I would have the characters well choſen, and kept diſtant from interfaring with each other; which is more than* Fletcher *or* Shakeſpear *did: but I would have more of the* Urbana, venuſta, ſalſa, faceta *and the reſt which* Quintilian *reckons up as the ornaments of Wit; and theſe are extremely wanting in* Ben. Johnſon. *As for repartie in particular, as it is the very ſoul of converſation, ſo it is the greateſt grace of Comedy, where it is proper to the Characters: there may be much of acuteneſs in a thing well ſaid; but there is more in a quick reply:* ſunt, enim, longè venuſtiora omnia in reſpondendo quàm in provocando. *Of one thing I am ſure, that no man ever will decry Wit,*

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but he who deſpairs of it himſelf; and who has no other quarrel to it but that which the Fox had to the Grapes. Yet, as Mr. Cowley, *(who had a greater portion of it than any man I know) tells us in his* Character of Wit, *rather than all Wit let there be none; I think there's no folly ſo great in any Poet of our Age as the ſuperfluity and waſte of wit was in ſome of our Predeceſſors: particularly we may ſay of* Fletcher *and of* Shakeſpear, *what was ſaid of* Ovid, In omni ejus ingenio, facilius quod rejici, quàm quod adjici poteſt, invenies. *The contrary of which was true in* Virgil *and our incomparable* Johnſon.

Some enemies of Repartie have obſerv'd to us, that there is a great latitude in their Characters, which are made to ſpeak it: And that it is eaſier to write wit than Humour; becauſe in the characters of Humor, the Poet is confin'd to make the Perſon ſpeak what is only proper to it. Whereas all kind of wit is proper in the Character of a witty perſon. But by their favour, there are as different characters in Wit as in Folly. Neither is all kind of wit proper in the mouth of every ingenious perſon. A witty Coward, and a witty Brave muſt ſpeak differently. Falſtaffe *and the* Lyar, *ſpeak not like* Don John *in the* Chances, *and* Valentine *in* Wit without Money, *And* Johnſon's Truwit *in the* Silent Woman, *is a Character different from all of them. Yet it appears that this one character of Wit was more difficult to the Author, than all his images of Humor in the Play: For thoſe he could deſcribe and manage from his obſervation of Men; this he has taken, at leaſt a part of it, from Books: witneſs the Speeches in the Firſt Act, tranſlated* verbatim *out of* Ovid de Arte Amandi. *To omit what afterwards he borrowed from the ſixth Satyre of* Juvenal *againſt Women.*

However, if I ſhould grant, that there were a greater latitude in Characters of Wit, than in thoſe of Humour; yet that latitude would be of ſmall advantage to ſuch Poets who have too narrow an imagination to write it. And to entertain an Audience perpetually with Humour, is to carry them from the converſation of Gentlemen, and treat them with the follies and extravagances of Bedlam.

I find I have launch'd out farther than I intended in the beginning of this Preface. And that in the heat of Writing, I have touch'd at ſomething, which I thought to have avoided. 'Tis time now to draw homeward: and to think rather of defending my ſelf, than aſſaulting others. I have already acknowledg'd that this Play is far from perfect: but I do not think my ſelf oblig'd to diſcover the imperfections of it to

my Adversaries, any more than a guilty person is bound to accuse himself before his Judges. 'Tis charg'd upon me that I make debauch'd persons (such as they say my Astrologer and Gamester are) my Protagonists, or the chief persons of the Drama; *and that I make them happy in the conclusion of my Play; against the Law of Comedy, which is to reward Virtue, and punish Vice. I answer first, that I know no such Law to have been constantly observ'd in Comedy, either by the antient or Modern Poets.* Chœrea *is made happy in the Eunuch, after having deflour'd a Virgin: and* Terence *generally does the same through all his Plays; where you perpetually see, not only debauch'd young men enjoy their Mistresses, but even the Courtezans themselves rewarded and honour'd in the Catastrophe. The same may be observ'd in* Plautus *almost every where.* Ben. Johnson *himself, after whom I may be proud to erre, has given me more than once the example of it. That in the* Alchimist *is notorious, where* Face, *after having contriv'd & carried on the great cozenage of the Play, and continued in it, without repentance, to the last, is not only forgiven by his Master, but inrich'd by his consent, with the spoils of those whom he had cheated. And, which is more, his Master himself, a grave man, and a Widower, is introduc'd taking his Man's counsel, debauching the Widow first, in hope to marry her afterward. In the* Silent Woman, Dauphine (*who with the other two Gentlemen, is of the same Character with my* Celadon *in the* Maiden Queen, *and with* Wildblood *in this*) *professes himself in love with all the Collegiate Ladies: and they likewise are all of the same character with each other, excepting only Madam* Otter, *who has something singular:*) *yet this naughty* Dauphine, *is crown'd in the end with the possession of his Uncles Estate, and with the hopes of enjoying all his Mistresses. And his friend Mr.* Truwit (*the best Character of a Gentleman which* Ben. Johnson *ever made*) *is not asham'd to pimp for him. As for* Beaumont *and* Fletcher, *I need not alledge examples out of them; for that were to quote almost all their Comedies. But now it will be objected that I patronize Vice by the Authority of former Poets, and extenuate my own faults by recrimination. I answer, that as I defend my self by their example; so that example I defend by reason, and by the end of all Dramatique Poesie. In the first place therefore give me leave to shew you their mistake who have accus'd me. They have not distinguish'd as they ought, betwixt the rules of Tragedy and Comedy. In Tragedy, where the Actions and Persons*

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are great, and the Crimes horrid, the Laws of Juſtice are more ſtrictly to be obſerv'd: and examples of puniſhment to be made to deterre Mankind from the purſuit of Vice. Faults of this kind have been rare amongſt the antient Poets: for they have puniſh'd in Oedipus, *and in his poſterity, the ſin which he knew not he had committed.* Medea *is the only example I remember, at preſent, who eſcapes from puniſhment after murder. Thus Tragedy fulfills one great part of its inſtitution; which is by example to inſtruct. But in Comedy it is not ſo; for the chief end of it is divertiſement and delight: and that ſo much, that it is diſputed, I think, by* Heinſius, *before* Horace *his Art of Poetry, whether inſtruction be any part of its employment. At leaſt I am ſure it can be but its ſecondary end: for the buſineſs of the Poet is to make you laugh: when he writes Humor, he makes Folly ridiculous; when Wit, he moves you, if not always to Laughter, yet to a pleaſure that is more noble. And if he works a cure on folly and the ſmall imperfections in mankind, by expoſing them to publick view, that cure is not peform'd by an immediate operation. For it works firſt on the ill nature of the Audience; they are mov'd to laugh by the repreſentation of deformity; and the ſhame of that laughter, teaches us to amend what is ridiculous in our manners. This being then eſtabliſh'd, that the firſt end of Comedy is delight, and inſtruction only the ſecond; it may reaſonably be inferr'd, that Comedy is not ſo much oblig'd to the puniſhment of the faults which it repreſents, as Tragedy. For the perſons in Comedy are of a lower quality, the action is little, and the faults and vices are but the ſallies of Youth, and the frailties of humane nature, and not premeditated crimes: ſuch to which all men are obnoxious, not ſuch as are attempted only by few, and thoſe abandon'd to all ſenſe of virtue: ſuch as move pity and commiſeration; not deteſtation and horror; ſuch, in ſhort, as may be forgiven, not ſuch as muſt of neceſſity be puniſh'd. But, leſt any man ſhould think that I write this to make libertiniſme amiable; or that I car'd not to debaſe the end and inſtitution of Comedy, ſo I might thereby maintain my own errors, and thoſe of better Poets; I muſt farther declare, both for them and for my ſelf, that we make not vicious perſons happy, but only as Heaven makes ſinners ſo: that is by reclaiming them firſt from Vice; for ſo 'tis to be ſuppos'd they are, when they reſolve to marry; for then enjoying what they deſire in one, they ceaſe to purſue the love of many. So* Chærea *is made happy by*

Terence,

Terence, *in marrying her whom he had deflaur'd: And ſo are* Wild-blood, *and the* Aſtrologer *in this Play.*

There is another crime with which I am charg'd, at which I am yet much leſs concern'd, becauſe it does not relate to my manners, as the former did, but only to my reputation as a Poet: A name of which I aſſure the Reader I am nothing proud; and therefore cannot be very ſollicitous to defend it. I am tax'd with ſtealing all my Plays, and that by ſome who ſhould be the laſt men from whom I would ſteal any part of 'em. There is one anſwer which I will not make; but it has been made for me by him to whoſe Grace and Patronage I owe all things,

Et ſpes & ratio ſtudiorum, in *Cæſare* tantum.

And without whoſe command they ſhou'd no longer be troubl'd with any thing of mine; that he only deſir'd that they who accus'd me of Theft, would always ſteal him Plays like mine. But though I have reaſon to be proud of this defence, yet I ſhould wave it, becauſe I have a worſe opinion of my own Comedies than any of my Enemies can have. 'Tis true, that where ever I have lik'd any ſtory in a Romance, Novel or forreign Play, I have made no difficulty, nor ever ſhall, to take the foundation of it, to build it up, and to make it proper for the Engliſh *Stage. And I will be ſo vain to ſay it has loſt nothing in my hands: But it always coſt me ſo much trouble to heighten it, for our Theatre (which is incomparably more curious in all the ornaments of Dramatick Poeſie, than the* French, *or* Spaniſh*) that when I had finiſh'd my Play, it was like the Hulk of Sir* Francis Drake, *ſo ſtrangely alter'd, that there ſcarce remain'd any Plank of the Timber which firſt built it. To witneſs this I need go no farther than this Play: It was firſt* Spaniſh, *and call'd* El Aſtrologo fingido; *then made* French *by the younger* Corneille: *and is now tranſlated into* Engliſh, *and in Print, under the name of the* Feign'd Aſtrologer. *What I have perform'd in this, will beſt appear, by comparing it with thoſe: you will ſee that I have rejected ſome adventures which I judg'd were not divertiſing; that I have heightned thoſe which I have choſen, and that I have added others which were neither in the* French *nor* Spaniſh. *And beſides you will eaſily diſcover that the Walk of the* Aſtrologer *is the leaſt conſiderable in my Play: for the deſign of it turns more on the parts*

of

of Wildblood and Jacinta, who are the chief persons in it. I have farther to add, that I seldom use the wit and language of any Romance, or Play which I undertake to alter; because my own invention (as bad as it is) can furnish me with nothing so dull as what is there. Those who have call'd Virgil, Terence, and Tasso Plagiaries (though they much injur'd them,) had yet a better colour for their accusation; For Virgil has evidently translated Theocritus, Hesiod, and Homer, in many places; besides what he has taken from Ennius in his own language. Terence was not only known to translate Menander, (which he avows also in his Prologues) but was said also to be help't in those Translations by Scipio the African, and Lælius. And Tasso, the most excellent of modern Poets, and whom I reverence next to Virgil, has taken both from Homer many admirable things which were left untouch'd by Virgil, and from Virgil himself where Homer cou'd not furnish him. Yet the bodies of Virgil's and Tasso's Poems were their own: and so are all the Ornaments of Language and Elocution in them. The same (if there were any thing commendable in this Play) I could say for it. But I will come nearer to our own Countreymen. Most of Shakespear's Plays, I mean the stories of them, are to be found in the Hecatommuthi, or hundred Novels of Cinthio. I have, my self, read in his Italian, that of Romeo and Juliet, the Moor of Venice, and many others of them. Beaumont and Fletcher had most of theirs from Spanish Novels: witness the Ceances, the Spanish Curate, Rule a Wife, and have a Wife; the Little French Lawyer, and so many others of them, as compose the greatest part of their Volume in folio. Ben. Johnson, indeed, has design'd his Plots himself; but no man has borrow'd so much from the Ancients as he has done: And he did well in it, for he has thereby beautify'd our Language.

But these little Criticks do not well consider what is the work of a Poet, and what the Graces of a Poem: The Story is the least part of either: I mean the foundation of it, before it is model'd by the Art of him who writes it; who forms it with more care, by exposing only the beautiful parts of it to view, than a skilful Lapidary sets a Jewel. On this foundation of the Story the Characters are rais'd: and, since no Story can afford Characters enough for the variety of the English Stage, it follows that it is to be alter'd, and

inlarg'd

inlarg'd, with new persons, accidents, and designes, which will almost make it new. When this is done, the forming it into Acts and Scenes, disposing of actions and passions into their proper places, and beautifying both with descriptions, similitudes, and propriety of Language, is the principal employment of the Poet; as being the largest field of fancy, which is the principal quality requir'd in him: For so much the word ποιητης implies. Judgement, indeed, is necessary in him; but 'tis fancy that gives the life-touches, and the secret graces to it; especially in serious Plays, which depend not much on observation. For to write Humor in Comedy (which is the theft of Poets from mankind) little of fancy is requir'd; the Poet observes only what is ridiculous, and pleasant folly, and by judging exactly what is so, he pleases in the representation of it.

But in general, the employment of a Poet, is like that of a curious Gunsmith or Watchmaker: the Iron or Silver is not his own; but they are the least part of that which gives the value: the price lies wholly in the workmanship. And he who works dully on a story, without moving laughter in a Comedy, or raising concernments in a serious Play, is no more to be accounted a good Poet, than a Gunsmith of the Minories is to be compar'd with the best workman of the Town.

But I have said more of this than I intended; and more, perhaps, than I needed to have done: I shall but laugh at them hereafter, who accuse me with so little reason; and withall, contemn their dulness, who, if they could ruine that little reputation I have got, and which I value not, yet would want both Wit and Learning to establish their own, or to be remembred in after ages for any thing, but only that which makes them ridiculous in this.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

When first our Poet set himself to write,
Like a young Bridegroom on his Wedding-night
He laid about him, and did so bestir him,
His Muse could never lye inquiet for him:
But now his Honey-moon is gone and past,
Yet the ungrateful drudgery must last:
And he is bound, as civil Husbands do,
To strain himself, in complaisance to you:
To write in pain, and counterfeit a Bliss,
Like the faint smackings of an after-Kiss.
But you, like Wives ill pleas'd, supply his want;
Each Writing Monsieur *is a fresh Gallant:*
And though, perhaps, 'twas done as well before,
Yet still there's something in a new Amour.
Your several Poets work with several tools,
One gets you Wits, another gets you Fools:
This pleases you with some by-stroke of Wit,
This finds some cranny that was never hit.
But should these janty Lovers daily come
To do your Work, like your good Man at home,
Their fine small timber'd Wits would soon decay;
These are Gallants but for a Holiday.
Others you had who oftner have appear'd,
Whom, for meer impotence you have cashier'd:
Such as at first came on with Pomp and Glory,
But, over-straining, soon fell flat before ye.
Their useless weight, with patience long was born,
But at the last you threw 'em off with scorn.
As for the Poet of this present night,
Though now he claims in you an Husbands right,
He will not hinder you of fresh delight.
He, like a Seaman, seldom will appear;
And means to trouble home but thrice a year:
That only time from your Gallants he'll borrow;
Be kind to day, and Cuckold him to morrow.

Persons Represented.

MEN.

		By
Wildblood, *Bellamy*,	Two young English Gentlemen.	Mr. *Hart*. Mr. *Mohun*.
Maskal,	Their Servant.	Mr. *Shatterel*.
Don Alonzo de Ribera,	an old *Spanish* Gentleman.	Mr. *Wintershal*.
Don *Lopez de Gamboa*,	a young Noble *Spaniard*.	Mr. *Burt*.
Don *Melchor de Guzman*,	A Gentleman of a great Family; but of a decay'd fortune.	Mr. *Lydal*.

WOMEN.

		By
Donna Theodosia, *Donna Facintha*,	Daughters to Don *Alonzo*.	Mrs. *Bowtel*. Mrs. *Ellen Guynn*.
Donna Aurelia,	Their Cousin.	Mrs. *Marshal*. and formerly by Mrs *Quin*.
Beatrix,	Woman and Confident to the two Sisters.	Mrs. *Knepp*.
Camilla,	Woman to *Aurelia*	Mrs. *Betty Slate*.

Servants to Don *Lopez*, and Don *Alonzo*.

The Scene *Madrid*, in the year 1665.
The Time, the last evening of the Carnival.

AN

AN EVENING'S LOVE, OR THE Mock-Astrologer.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Don Lopez, *and a Servant, walking over the Stage.*

Enter another Servant and follows him.

Ser. DOn *Lopez?*

Lop. Any new buſineſs?

Ser. My Maſter had forgot this Letter,
Which he conjures you, as you are his friend,
To give *Aurelia* from him.

Lop. Tell Don *Melchor* 'tis a hard task which he enjoyns me.
He knows I love her, and much more than he;
For I love her alone, but he divides
His paſſion betwixt two: Did he conſider
How great a pain 'tis to diſſemble love,
He would never practice it.

Ser. He knows his fault; but cannot mend it.

Lop. To make the poor *Aurelia* believe
He's gone for *Flanders*, whilſt he lies conceal'd,
And every night makes viſits to her Couſin.
When will he leave this ſtrange extravagance?

Ser. When he can love one more, or t'other leſs.

Lop. Before I lov'd my ſelf, I promis'd him
To ſerve him in his love; and I'll perform it,
How e'r repugnant to my own concernments.

Serv. You are a noble Cavalier. *Exit Servant.*

Enter Bellamy, Wildblood, Maskal.

2. *Serv.* Sir, your Gueſts of the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador's Retinue.

Lop. Cavaliers, will you pleaſe to command my Coach to take the Air this evening?

Bell. We have not yet reſolv'd how to diſpoſe of our ſelves; but however, we are highly acknowledging to you, for your civility.

Lop. You cannot more oblige me, than by laying your Commands on me.

Wild. We kiſs your hands. [*Exit* Lopez *cum Servo.*

Bell. Give the *Don* his due, he entertain'd us nobly this Carnival.

Wild. Give the Devil the *Don*, for any thing I lik'd in his Entertainment.

Bell. I hope we had variety enough.

Wild. I, it look'd like variety, till we came to taſte it; there were twenty ſeveral Diſhes to the Eye, but in the pallat nothing but Spices. I had a mind to eat of a Pheaſant, and as ſoon as I got it into my mouth, I found I was chawing a limb of Cinamon; then I went to cut a piece of Kid, and no ſooner it had touch'd my Lips, but it turn'd to red Pepper: at laſt I began to think my ſelf another kind of *Midas*, that every thing I touch'd ſhould be turn'd to Spice.

Bell. And for my part, I imagin'd his Catholick Majeſty had invited us to eat his *Indies*. But prithee let's leave the diſcourſe of it, and contrive together how we may ſpend the evening; for in this hot Countrey, 'tis as in the Creation, the Evening and the Morning make the day.

Wild. I have a little ſerious buſineſs.

Bell. Put it off till a fitter ſeaſon: for the truth is, buſineſs is then only tollerable, when the World and the Fleſh have no baits to ſet before us for the day.

Wild.

Wild. But mine perhaps is publick buſineſs.

Bell. Why, is any buſineſs more publick than Drinking and Wenching? Look on thoſe grave plodding fellows, that paſs by us, as though they were meditating the re-conqueſt of *Flanders*: fly 'em to a Mark, and I'll undertake three parts of four are going to their Courtezans. I tell thee *Jack*, the whisking of a Silk-gown, and the raſh of a Tabby-pettycoat, are as comfortable ſounds to one of theſe rich Citizens, as the chink of their Pieces of Eight.

Wild. This being granted to be the common deſign of humane kind, 'tis more than probable 'tis yours; therefore I'll leave you to the proſecution of it.

Bell. Nay, good *Jack*, mine is but a Miſtreſs in Embrio; the poſſeſſion of her is at leaſt ſome ten days off, and till that time, thy company will be pleaſant, and may be profitable to carry on the work. I would uſe thee like an under-kind of Chymiſt, to blow the Coals; 'twill be time enough for me to be alone when I come to projection.

Wild. You muſt excuſe me, *Frank*; I have made an appointment at the Gaming-houſe.

Bell. What to do there I prithee? to miſpend that Money, which kind fortune intended for a Miſtreſs? or to learn new Oaths and Curſes to carry into *England*? that is not it——I heard you were to marry when you left home: perhaps that may be ſtill running in your Head, and keep you virtuous.

Wild. Marriage quoth-a! what doſt thou think I have been bred in the Deſarts of *Afryck*, or among the Savages of *America*? nay, if I had, I muſt needs have known better things than ſo; the light of Nature would not have let me gone ſo far aſtray.

Bell. Well! what think you of the *Prado* this evening?

Wild. Pox upon't, 'tis worſe than our contemplative *Hide-Park.*

Bell. O! but we muſt ſubmit to the cuſtom of the Countrey for Courtſhip: whatever the means are, we are ſure the end is ſtill the ſame in all places. But who are theſe?

Enter

Enter Don Alonzo de Ribera, *with his two Daughters* Theodosia *and* Jacinta, *and* Beatrix *their Woman passing by.*

Theo. Do you see those strangers, Sister, that eye us so earnestly?

Jac. Yes, and I guess 'em to be feathers of the *English* Ambassadors' Train; for I think I saw 'em at the grand Audience—— And have the strangest temptation in the world to talk to 'em: A mischief on this modesty.

Beat. A mischief of this Father of yours that haunts you so.

Jac. 'Tis very true *Beatrix*; for though I am the younger Sister, I should have the grace to lay modesty first aside: however, Sister, let us pull up our Vails, and give 'em an Essay of our Faces.

[*They pull up their Vails, and pull 'em down again.*

Wild. Ah *Bellamy*! undone, undone!—dost thou see those Beauties?

Bell. Prithee *Wildblood* hold thy tongue, and do not spoil my contemplation; I am undoing my self as fast as e're I can too.

Wild. I must go to 'em.

Bell. Hold Madman; dost thou not see their Father? hast thou a mind to have our Throats cut?

Wild. By a Hector of fourscore? Hang our Throats, what a Lover and cautious? [*Is going towards them.*

Alon. Come away Daughters, we shall be late else.

Bell. Look you, they are on the wing already.

Wild. Prithee, dear *Frank*, let's follow 'em: I long to know who they are.

Mask. Let me alone, I'll dog 'em for you.

Bell. I am glad on't, for my shooes so pinch me, I can scarce go a step farther.

Wild. Cross the way there lives a Shoomaker: away quickly, that we may not spoil our Man's design. *Exit* Bell. Wild.

Alon. *offers* } Now friend! what's your business to follow
to go off.—} us?

Mask. Noble Don; 'tis only to recommend my service to you: A certain violent passion I have had for your worship since the first moment that I saw you.

Alon.

Alon. I never ſaw thee before to my remembrance.

Mask. No matter, Sir, true Love never ſtands upon ceremony.

Alon. Prithee be gone my ſaucy companion, or I'll clap an Alguazile upon thy heels; I tell thee I have no need of thy ſervice.

Mask. Having no ſervant of your own, I cannot in good manners leave you deſtitute.

Alon. I'll beat thee if thou follow'ſt me.

Mask. I am your Spaniel, Sir, the more you beat me, the better. I'll wait on you.

Alon. Let me intreat thee to be gone; the Boys will hoot at me to ſee me follow'd thus againſt my Will.

Mask. Shall you and I concern our ſelves for what the Boys do, Sir? Pray do you hear the news at Court?

Alon. Prithee what's the news to thee or me?

Mask. Will you be at the next *Fuego de cannas?*

Alon. If I think good.

Mask. Pray go on Sir, we can diſcourſe as we walk together: And whither were you now a going, Sir?

Alon. To the Devil I think.

Mask. O! not this year or two, Sir, by your age.

Fac. My Father was never ſo match'd for talking in all his life before; he who loves to hear nothing but himſelf: Prithee, *Beatrix*, ſtay behind, and ſee what this impudent *Engliſhman* would have.

Beat. Sir! if you'll let my Maſter go, I'll be his pawn.

Mask. Well, Sir, I kiſs your hand, in hope to wait on you another time.

Alon. Let us mend our pace to get clear of him.

Theo. If you do not, he'll be with you agen, like *Atalanta* in the Fable, and make you drop another of your golden Apples.

Exit Alon. Theod. Jacinta.

Maskal *whispers* Beatrix *the while.*

Beat. How much good language is here thrown away to make me betray my Ladies?

Mask.

Mask. If you will diſcover nothing of 'em, let me diſcourſe with you a little.

Beat. As little as you p'eaſe.

Mask. They are rich I ſuppoſe.

Beat. Now you are talking of them agen: but they are as rich, as they are fair.

Mask. Then they have the *Indies*: well, but their Names my ſweet Miſtreſs.

Beat. Sweet Servant, their names are———

Mask. Their Names are — out with it boldly——

Beat. A ſecret not to be diſclos'd.

Mask. A ſecret ſay you? nay, then I conjure you as you are a Woman, tell it me.

Beat Not a ſyllable.

Mask. Why then, as you are a Waiting-woman, as you are the Sieve of all your Ladies Secrets, tell it me.

Beat. You loſe your labour, nothing will ſtrain through me.

Mask. Are you ſo well ſtop'd i' th' bottom?

Beat. It was enjoyn'd me ſtrictly as a Secret.

Mask. Was it enjoyn'd thee ſtrictly, and canſt thou hold it? Nay then thou art invincible: but, by that face, that more than ugly face, which I ſuſpect to be under thy Vail, diſcloſe it to me.

Beat. By that face of thine, which is a Natural Viſor: I will not tell thee.

Mask. By thy———

Beat. No more Swearing I beſeech you.

Mask. That Woman's worth little, that is not worth an Oath: well, get thee gone, now I think on't thou ſhalt not tell me.

Beat. Shall I not? who ſhall hinder me? They are *Don Alonzo de Ribera*'s Daughters.

Mask. Out, out: I'll ſtop my Ears.

Beat.——They live hard by in the *Calle maior.*

Mask. O infernal Tongue——

Beat. And are going to the next Chappel with their Father.

Mask. Wilt thou never have done tormenting me? in my Con-

Conſcience anon thou wilt blab out their Names too.

Beat. Their Names are *Theodoſia* and *Facinta.*

Mask. And where's your great ſecret now?

Beat. Now I think I am reveng'd on you for running down my poor old Maſter.

Mask. Thou art not fully reveng'd till thou haſt told me thy own Name too.

Beat. 'Tis *Beatrix*, at your ſervice, Sir, pray remember I wait on 'em.

Mask. Now I have enough, I muſt be going.

Beat. I perceive you are juſt like other Men; when you have got your ends, you care not how ſoon you are going.——————— —— Farewel, —— you'll be conſtant to me——

Mask. If thy Face when I ſee it, do not give me occaſion to be otherwiſe.

Beat. You ſhall take a Sample that you may praiſe it when you ſee it next. [*She puls up her Vail.*

Enter Wildblood *and* Bellamy.

Wild. Look, there's your Dog with a Duck in's mouth—— Oh ſhe's got looſe and div'd again —— [*Exit* Beatrix.

Bell. Well *Maskal*, what news of the Ladies of the Lake?

Mask. I have learn'd enough to embarque you in an Adventure; they are Daughters to one Don *Alonzo de Ribera* in the *Calle major*, their names *Theodoſia* and *Facinta*, and they are going to their Devotions in the next Chappel.

Wild. Away then, let us loſe no time, I thank Heaven, I never found my ſelf better enclin'd to Godlineſs than at this preſent.—— *Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Chappel.*

Enter Alonzo, Theodoſia, Jacinta, Beatrix, *other* Ladies *and* Cavaliers *as at their Devotion*

Alon. By that time you have told your Beads I'll be agen with you. *Exit.*

Fac. Do you think the *Engliſh* Men will come after us?

Beat. Do you think they can ſtay from you?

Fac. For my part I feel a certain qualm upon my Heart, which makes me believe I am breeding Love to one of 'em.

Theo. How, Love, *Facinta*, in ſo ſhort a time? *Cupid*'s Arrow was well feather'd to reach you ſo ſuddainly.

Fac. Faith as good at firſt as at laſt Siſter, 'tis a thing that muſt be done, and therefore 'tis beſt diſpatching it out o'th' way.

Theo. But you do not mean to tell him ſo, whom you love?

Fac. Why ſhould I keep my Self and Servant in pain, for that which may be cur'd at a days warning?

Beat. My Lady tells you true, Madam, long tedious Courtſhip may be proper for cold Countreys, where their Froſts are long a thawing; but Heaven be prais'd we live in a warm Climate.

Theo. The truth is, in other Countreys they have opportunities for Courtſhip, which we have not, they are not mew'd up with double Locks and grated Windows; but may receive Addreſſes at their leiſure.

Fac. But our Love here is like our Graſs; if it be not mow'd quickly 'tis burnt up.

Enter Bellamy, Wildblood, Maskal: *they look about 'em.*

Theo. Yonder are your Gallants, ſend you comfort of 'em: I am for my Devotions.

Fac. Now for my heart can I think of no other Prayer, but only that they may not miſtake us——Why Siſter, Siſter,——will you Pray? What injury have I ever done you, that you ſhould pray in my company? If your ſervant Don *Melchor* were here, we ſhould have you mind Heaven as little as the beſt on's.

Beat. They are at a loſs, Madam, ſhall I put up my Vail that they may take aim?

Fac. No, let 'em take their fortune in the dark: we ſhall ſee what Archers theſe *Engliſh* are.

Bell. Which are they think'ſt thou?

Wild. There's no knowing them, they are all Children of darkneſs.

Bell. I'll be ſworn they have one ſigne of Godlineſs among 'em, there's no diſtinction of perſons here.

Wild.

Wild. Pox o' this Blind-mans-buff; they may be aſham'd to provoke a man thus by their keeping themſelves ſo cloſe.

Bell. You are for the youngeſt you ſay; 'tis the eldeſt has ſmitten me. And here I fix, if I am right——happy man be his dole.

——— ——— ——— *By* Theodoſia.

Wild. I'll take my fortune here.——— *By* Jacinta. Madam, I hope a ſtranger may take the liberty, without offence, to offer his Devotions by you.

Jac. That, Sir, would interrupt mine, without being any advantage to your own.

Wild. My advantage, Madam, is very evident; for the kind Saint to whom you pray, may by the neighborhood miſtake my Devotions for yours.

Jac. O Sir! our Saints can better diſtinguiſh between the Prayers of a Catholick and a Lutheran.

Wild. I beſeech you Madam, trouble not your ſelf for my Religion; for though I am a Heretick to the Men of your Country, to your Ladies I am a very zealous Catholick: and for Fornication and Adultery, I aſſure you I hold with both Churches.

Theo. to *Bell.* Sir, if you will not be more devout, be at leaſt more civil, you ſee you are obſerv'd.

Bell. And pray, Madam, what do you think the lookers on imagine I am imploy'd about?

Theo. I will not trouble my ſelf to gueſs.

Bell. Why, by all circumſtances, they muſt conclude that I am making love to you: and methinks it were ſcarce civil to give the opinion of ſo much good company the lye.

Theo. If this were true, you would have little reaſon to thank 'em for their Divination.

Bell. Meaning I ſhould not be lov'd again.

Theo. You have interpreted my Riddle, and may take it for your pains.

Enter Alonzo, (*and goes apart to his Devotion*)

Beat. Madam, your Father is return'd.

Bell. She has netled me, would I could be reveng'd on her.

Wild. Do you ſee their Father: let us make as though we talk'd to one another, that we may not be ſuſpected.

Beat. You have loſt your *Engliſhmen.*

Jac. No, no, 'tis but deſign I warrant you: you ſhall ſee theſe Iſland Cocks wheel about immediately.

Beat. Perhaps they thought they were obſerv'd. } *The Engliſh gather up cloſe to them.*

Wild. to *Bell.* Talk not of our Countrey Ladies: I declare my ſelf for the *Spaniſh* Beauties.

Bell. Prithee tell me what thou canſt find to doat on in theſe *Caſtilians.*

Wild. Their Wit and Beauty.

Theo. Now for our Champion *St. Jago* for *Spain* there.

Bell. Faith, I can ſpeak no ſuch miracles of either; for their beauty 'tis much as the *Moors* left it; not altogether ſo deep a black as the true *Æthiopian*: a kind of Beauty that is too civil to the lookers on to do them any miſchief.

Jac. This was your frowardneſs that provok'd him, Siſter.

Theo. But they ſhall not carry it off ſo.

Bell. As for their Wit, you may judge it by their breeding, which is commonly in a Nunnery; where the want of Mankind while they are there, makes them value the Bleſſing ever after.

Theo. Prithee dear *Jacinta* tell me, what kind of Creatures were thoſe we ſaw yeſterday at the Audience? thoſe I mean, that look'd ſo like *Frenchmen* in their Habits, but only became their apiſhneſs ſo much worſe.

Jac. *Engliſhmen* I think they cali'd 'em.

Theo. Cry you mercy; they were of your wild *Engliſh* indeed, that is a kind of *Northern* Beaſts, that is taught its feats of activity in *Monſieurland*, and for doing 'em too lubberly, is laugh'd at all the world over.

Bell. Wildblood, I perceive the Women underſtand little of diſcourſe; their Gallants do not uſe 'em to't: they get upon their Gennits, and prance before their Ladies Windows; there the Palfrey curvets and bounds, and in ſhort, entertains 'em for his Maſter.

Wild. And this Horſe-play they call making love.

Beat. Your Father Madam.———

Alon. Daughters! what Cavaliers are thoſe which were talking by you?

Jac.

Fac. Engliſhmen, I believe Sir, at their Devotions: Cavalier, would you would try to pray a little better then you have rallied.

[*Aſide to* Wildblood.

Wild. Hang me if I put all me Devotions out of order for you: I remember I pray'd but on Tueſday laſt, and my time comes not till Tueſday next.

Mask. You had as good Pray, Sir; ſhe will not ſtir till you have: Say any thing.

Wild. Fair Lady, though I am not worthy of the leaſt of your favours, yet give me the happineſs this Evening to ſee you at your Fathers door, that I may acquaint you with part of my ſufferings. [*Aſide to* Jacinta.

Alon. Come Daughters, have you done?

Fac. Immediately, Sir,———

Cavalier, I will not fail to be there at the time appointed, if it be but to teach you more wit, henceforward, then to engage your Heart ſo lightly. [*Aſide to* Wildblood.

Wild. I have engag'd my Heart with ſo much Zeal and true Devotion to your Divine Beauty, that———

Alon. What means this Cavalier?

Fac. Some zealous ejacu'ation.

Alon. May the Saint hear him.

Fac. I'll anſwer for her.———*Exit Father and Daughters.*

Wild. Now *Bellamy*, what ſucceſs?

Bell. I pray'd to a more marble Saint than that was in the Shrine, but you, it ſeems, have been ucceſsful.

Wild. And ſo ſhalt thou; let me alone for both.

Bell. If you'll undertake it, I will make bold to indulge my love; and within this two hours be a deſperate Inamorado. I feel I am coming ap ce to it.

Wild. Faith I can love at any time with a wiſh at my rate: I give my Heart according to the old Law of pawns, to be return'd me before Sun-ſet.

Bell. I love only that I may keep my heart warm; for a Man's a Pool if Love ſtir him not; and to bring him to that paſs, I firſt reſolve whom to love, and preſently after imagine I am in love; for a ſtrong imagination is requir'd in a Lover, as much as in a Witch.

Wild. And is this all your Receipt?

Bell.

Bell. These are my principal ingredients; as for Piques, Jealousies, Duels, Daggers, and Halters, I let 'em alone to the vulgar.

Wild. Prithee let's round the street a little; till *Maskal* watches for their Woman.

Bell. That's well thought on: he shall about it immediately. We will attempt the Mistress by the Maid:
Women by Women still are best betray'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

Wildblood, Bellamy, Maskal.

Wild. Did you speak with her Woman?

Mask. Yes, but she was in haste, and bid me wait her hereabouts when she return'd.

Bell. Then you have discover'd nothing more?

Mask. Only, in general, that *Donna Theodosia* is engag'd elsewhere; [*To* Wild.] But for your Mistress, Sir, she is waded out of her depth in love to you already.

Wild. That's very hard, when I am scarce knee deep with her: 'tis true, I have given her hold of my Heart, but if she take not heed, it will slip through her fingers.

Bell. You are Prince of the Soil, Sir, and may take your pleasure when you please; but I am the Eve to your Holy-day, and must fast, for being joyn'd to you.

Wild. Were I as thou art, I would content my self with having had one fair flight at her, without wearying my self on the wing for a retrieve; for when all's done, the Quarry is but Woman.

Bell. Thank you, Sir, you would fly 'em both your self, and while I turn tail, we should have you come gingling with your bells in the neck of my Patridge; do you remember who incourag'd me to love, and promis'd me his assistance?

Wild. I, while there was hope *Frank*, while there was hope; but there's no contending with one's destiny.

Bell. Nay, it may be I care as little for her as another Man; but while she flies before me I must follow: I can leave a Woman first with ease, but if she begins to fly before me, I grow opiniatre as the Devil.

Wild.

Wild. What a ſecret have you found out? why 'tis the nature of all Mankind: we love to get our Miſtreſſes, and purr over 'em, as Cats do over Mice, and then let 'em go a little way; and all the pleaſure is, to pat 'em back again: But yours, I take it, *Frank*, is gone too far; prithee how long doſt thou intend to love at this rate?

Bell. Till the evil conſtellation be paſt over me: yet I believe it would haſten my recovery, if I knew whom ſhe lov'd.

Mask. You ſhall not be long without that ſatisfaction.

Wild. 'St, the door opens, and two Women are coming out.

Bell. By their ſtature, they ſhould be thy gracious Miſtreſs and *Beatrix*.

Wild. Methinks you ſhould know your Q. then and withdraw.

Bell. Well, I'll leave you to your fortune; but if you come to cloſe fighting, I ſhall make bold to run in and part you.

Bellamy *and* Maskal *withdraw.*

Wild. Yonder ſhe comes with full ſails y'faith; I'll hail her amain for *England*.

Enter Jacinta *and* Beatrix *at the other end of the Stage.*

Beat. You do love him then?

Jac. Yes, moſt vehemently.

Beat. But ſet ſome bounds to your affection.

Jac. None but fools confine their pleaſure: what Uſurer ever thought his Coffers held too much? No, I'll give my ſelf the ſwinge, and love without reſerve. If I'll keep a paſſion, I'll never ſtarve it in my ſervice.

Beat. But are you ſure he will deſerve this kindneſs?

Jac. I never trouble my ſelf ſo long before hand: Jealouſies and diſquiets are the dregs of an Amour; but I'll leave mine before I have drawn it off ſo low: when it once grows troubled, I'll give vent to a freſh draught.

Beat. Yet it is but prudence to try him firſt; no Pilate ventures on an unknown Coaſt without ſounding.

Jac. Well, to ſatisfy thee I am content; partly too becauſe I find a kind of pleaſure in laying baits for him.

Beat. The two great virtues of a Lover are conſtancy and liberality; if he profeſſes thoſe two, you may be happy in him.

Jac.

Fac. Nay, if he be not Lord and Maſter of both thoſe qualities, I diſown him——but who goes there?

Beat. He, I warrant you, Madam; for his Servant told me, he was waiting hereabout.

Fac. Watch the door, give me notice if any come.

Beat. I'll ſecure you, Madam.—— *Exit* Beatrix.

Fac. to *Wild.* What have you laid an ambuſh for me?

Wild. Only to make a Repriſal of my Heart.

Fac. 'Tis ſo wild, that the Lady who has it in her keeping, would be glad ſhe were rid on't: it does ſo flutter about the Cage. 'Tis a meer *Bajazet*; and if it be not let out the ſooner, will beat out the Brains againſt the Grates.

Wild. I am afraid the Lady has not fed it, and 'tis wild for hunger.

Fac. Or perhaps it wants company; ſhall ſhe put another to it?

Wild. I; but then 'twere beſt to truſt 'em out of the Cage together; let 'em hop about at liberty.

Fac. But if they ſhould loſe one another in the wide world!

Wild. They'l meet at night, I warrant 'em.

Fac. But is not your Heart of the nature of thoſe Birds, that breed in one Countrey, and go to winter in another?

Wild. Suppoſe it does ſo; yet I take my Mate along with me. And now to leave our Parables, and ſpeak in the language of the Vulgar, What think you of a Voyage to merry *England?*

Fac. Juſt as *Æſops* Frog did, of leaping into a deep Well in a drought: if he ventur'd the leap, there might be Water; but if there were no Water, how ſhould he get out again?

Wild. Faith we live in a good honeſt Countrey, where we are content with our old Vices, partly becauſe we want wit to invent more new. A Colony of *Spaniards*, or ſpiritual *Italians* planted among us, would make us much more racy. 'Tis true, our variety is not much; but to ſpeak nobly of our way of living, 'tis like that of the Sun, which riſes and looks upon the ſame things he ſaw yeſterday, and goes to bed again.

Fac. But I hear your Women live moſt bleſſedly; there's no ſuch thing as jealouſie among the Husbands; if any Man has Horns, he bears 'em as loftily as a Stag, and as inoffenſively.

Wild. All this I hope, gives you no ill character of the Countrey.

Fac

Fac. But what need we go into another Climate? as our love was born here, ſo let it live and dye here, and be honeſtly buried in its native Countrey.

Wild. Faith agreed with all my heart. For I am none of thoſe unreaſonable Lovers, that propoſe to themſelves the loving to Eternity; the truth is, a month is commonly my ſtint; but in that month I love ſo dreadfully, that it is after a twelvemonths rate of common love.

Fac. Or would not a fortnight ſerve our turn? for in troth a month looks ſomewhat diſmally; 'tis a whole *Ægyptian* year, if a Moon changes in my love, I ſhall think my *Cupid* grown dull, or fallen into an Apoplexy.

Wild. Well, I pray Heaven we both get off as clear as we imagine; for my part, I like your humour ſo damnably well, that I fear I am in for a week longer than I propos'd; I am half afraid your *Spaniſh* Planet, and my *Engliſh* one have been acquainted, and have found out ſome by-room or other in the 12 Houſes: I wiſh they have been honorable.

Fac. The beſt way for both were to take up in time; yet I am afraid our forces are engag'd ſo far, that we muſt make a battel on't. What think you of diſobliging one another from this day forward; and ſhewing all our ill humours at the firſt; which Lovers uſe to keep as a reſerve till they are married?

Wild. Or let us encourage one another to a breach by the dangers of poſſeſſion: I have a Song to that purpoſe.

Fac. Pray let me hear it: I hope it will go to the tune of one of our *Paſſa calles*.

SONG.

You charm'd me not with that fair face
Though it was all Divine:
To be anothers is the Grace,
That makes me wiſh you mine.
The God's and Fortune take their part
Who like young Monarchs fight;
And boldly dare invade that Heart
Which is anothers right.

First mad with hope we undertake
To pull up every Bar;
But once poſſeſs'd, we faintly make
A dull defenſive War.
Now every friend is turn'd a foe
In hope to get our ſtore.
And paſſion makes us Cowards grow,
Which made us brave before.

Fac. Believe it, Cavalier, you are a dangerous perſon: do you hold forth your gifts in hopes to make me love you leſs?

Wild. They would ſignify little, if we were once married: thoſe gayeties are all nipt, and froſt-bitten in the Marriage-bed yfaith.

Fac. I am ſorry to hear 'tis ſo cold a place: but 'tis all one to us, who do not mean to trouble it: the truth is, your humor pleaſes me exceedingly; how long it will do ſo, I know not; but ſo long as it does, I am reſolv'd to give my ſelf the content of ſeeing you. For if I ſhould once conſtrain my ſelf, I might fall in love in good earneſt: but I have ſtay'd too long with you, and would be loth to ſurfet you at firſt.

Wild. Surfet me, Madam, why you have but tantaliz'd me all this while.

Fac. What would you have?

Wild. A Hand, or Lip, or any thing that you can ſpare; when you have conjur'd up a Spirit he muſt have ſome employment, or he'll tear you a pieces.

Fac. Well, Here's my Picture; to help your contemplation in my abſence.

Wild. You have already the Original of mine: but ſome revenge you muſt allow me: a Locket of Diamonds, or ſome ſuch a triſle, the next time I kiſs your hand.

Fac. Fy, fy; you do not think me mercenary! yet now I think on't, I'll put you into our *Spaniſh* Mode of Love: our Ladies here uſe to be the Banquiers of their ſervants, and to have their Gold in keeping.

Wild. This is the leaſt trial you could have made of me: I have ſome 300 Piſtols by me; thoſe I'll ſend you by my ſervant.

Fac. Confeſs freely; you miſtruſt me: but if you find the leaſt qualm

qualm about your Gold, pray keep it for a Cordial.

Wild. The Cordial must be apply'd to the Heart, and mine's with you Madam: : Well; I say no more; but these are dangerous beginnings for holding on: I find my month will have more than one and thirty days in't.

Enter Beatrix *running.*

Beat. Madam, your Father calls in haste for you; and is looking you about the House.

Jac. Adieu servant, be a good manager of your stock of Love, that it may hold out your month; I am afraid you'll waste so much of it before to morrow night, that you'll shine but with a quarter Moon upon me.

Wild. It shall be a Crescent. *Exit* Wild. Jacinta, *severally.* Beatrix *is going, and* Maskal *runs and stops her.*

Mask. Pay your Ransom; you are my Prisoner.

Beat. What do you fight after the *French* fashion; take Towns before you declare a War?

Mask. I should be glad to imitate them so far, to be in the middle of the Countrey before you could resist me.

Beat. Well, what composition Monsieur?

Mask. Deliver up your Lady's Secret; what makes her so cruel to my Master?

Beat. Which of my Ladies, and which of your Masters? For I suppose we are Factors for both of them.

Mask. Your eldest Lady *Theodosia.*

Beat. How dare you press your Mistress to an inconvenience?

Mask. My Mistress? I understand not that language; the fortune of the Varlet, ever follows that of the Master; and his is desperate, if his fate were alter'd for the better, I should not care if I ventur'd upon you for the worse.

Beat. I have told you already *Donna Theodosia* loves another.

Mask. Has he no name?

Beat. Let it suffice, he is born noble, though without a Fortune. His poverty makes him conceal his love from her Father; but she sees him every night in private: and to blind the world about a fortnight ago, he took a solemn leave of her, as if he were going into *Flanders:* in the mean time he lodges at the House;

of Don *Lopez de Gamboa*, and is himſelf call'd Don *Melchor de Guzman*.

Mask. Don *Melchor de Guzman*! O heavens!

Beat. What amazes you!

Theo. within. Why, *Beatrix*, where are you?

Beat. You hear I am call'd; Adieu; and be ſure you keep my Counſel.

Mask. Come, Sir, you ſee the coaſt is clear. *Exit* Beatrix.

Enter Bellamy.

Bell. Clear, doſt thou ſay? no; 'tis full of Rocks and Quick-ſands: yet nothing vexes me ſo much as that ſhe is in love with ſuch a poor Rogue.

Mask. But that he ſhould lodge privately in the ſame houſe with us! 'twas oddly contriv'd of fortune.

Bell. Hang him Rogue, methinks I ſee him perching like an Owl by day, and not daring to flutter out till Moon-light. The Raſcal invents new Love, and brews his compliments all day, and broaches 'em at night; juſt as ſome of our dry wits do their ſtories before they come into company; well, if I could be reveng'd on either of 'em.

Mask. Here ſhe comes again with *Beatrix*; but good Sir, moderate your paſſion.

Enter Theodoſia *and* Beatrix.

Bell. Nay, Madam, you are known; and muſt not paſs till I have ſpoke with you. *Bellamy lifts up* Theodoſia's *Vail.*

Theo. This rudeneſs to a perſon of my quality may coſt you dear. Pray when did I give you encouragement for ſo much familiarity?

Bell. When you ſcorn'd me in the Chappel.

Theo. The truth is, I deny'd you as heartily as I could; that I might not be twice troubled with you.

Bell. Yet you have not this averſion for all the world: however I was in hope, though the day frown'd, the night might prove propitious to me, as it is to others.

Theo. I have now a quarrel both to the Sun and Moon, becauſe I have ſeen you by both their lights.

Bell.

Bell. Spare the Moon I beſeech you, Madam, ſhe is a very truſty Planet to you.

Beat. O *Maskal* you have ruin'd me.

Mask. Dear Sir, hold yet.

Bell. Away.

Theo. Pray, Sir, expound your meaning; for I confeſs I am in the dark.

Bell. Methinks you ſhould diſcover it by Moon-light. Or if you would have me ſpeak clearer to you, give me leave to wait on you at a midnight Aſſignation; and that it may not be diſcover'd, I'll feign a Voyage beyond ſea, as if I were gone a Captaining to *Flanders*.

Mask. A pox on's memory, he has not forgot one ſyllable.

Theo. Ah *Beatrix*, you have betray'd and ſold me.

Beat. You have betray'd and ſold your ſelf, Madam, by your own raſhneſs to confeſs it; Heaven knows I have ſerv'd you but too faithfully.

Theo. Peace, impudence; and ſee my face no more.

Mask. Do you know what work you have made, Sir?

Bea. Let her ſee what ſhe has got by ſlighting me.

Mask. You had beſt let *Beatrix* be turn'd away for me to keep: if you do, I know whoſe Purſe ſhall pay for't.

Bell. That's a curſe I never thought on: caſt about quickly and ſave all yet. Range, Queſt, and ſpring a Lye immediately.

Theo. to *Beat.* Never importune me farther; you ſhall go, there's no removing me.

Beat. Well; this is ever the reward of Innocence—— (*going*)

Mask. Stay, guiltleſs Virgin, ſtay; thou ſhalt not go.

Theo. Why, who ſhall hinder it?

Mask. That will I, in the name of truth. (If this hard-bound Lye would but come from me:) Madam, I muſt tell you it lies in my power to appeaſe this tempeſt with one word.

Beat. Would it were come once.

Mask. Nay, Sir, 'tis all one to me, if you turn me away upon't; I can hold no longer.

Theo. What does the fellow mean?

Mask. For all your noddings, and your Mathematical grimaces, in ſhort, Madam, my Maſter has been converſing with the Planets; and

and from them has had the knowledge of your affairs.

Bell. This Rogue amazes me.

Mask. I care not, Sir, I am for truth; that will shame you and all your Devils: in short, Madam, this Master of mine that stands before you, without a word to say for himself, so like an Oph, as I may say with reverence to him———

Bell. The Raskal makes me mad.

Mask. Is the greatest *Astrologer* in Christendom.

Theo. Your Master an *Astrologer?*

Mask. A most profound one.

Bell. Why you Dog, do you consider what an improbable lye this is; which you know I can never make good: disgorge it you Cormorant, or I'll pinch your throat out.———

[*Takes him by the Throat.*

Mask. 'Tis all in vain, Sir, you are and shall be an *Astrologer* what e're I suffer: you know all things, see into all things, foretel all things; and if you pinch more truth out of me, I will confess you are a Conjurer.

Bell. How, sirrah, a Conjurer?

Mask. I mean, Sir, the Devil is in your Fingers: own it you had best, Sir, and do not provoke me farther; what did not I see you an hour ago, turning over a great *Folio* with strange Figures in it, and then muttering to your self like any Poet, and then naming *Theodosia*, and then staring up in the Sky, and then poring upon the ground; so that betwixt God and the Devil, Madam, he came to know your Love? } *while he is speaking,* Bellamy *stops his mouth by fits.*

Bell. Madam, if ever I knew the least term in *Astrology*, I am the arrantest Son of a Whore breathing.

Beat. O, Sir, for that matter you shall excuse my Lady: Nay, hide your Talents if you can, Sir.

Theo. The more you pretend ignorance, the more we are resolv'd to believe you skilful.

Bell. You'll hold your tongue yet.

Mask. You shall never make me to hold my tongue, except you conjure me to silence: what did you not call me to look into a Chrystal, and there shew'd me a fair Garden, and a *Spaniard* stalking in his narrow Breeches, and walking underneath a Window? I should know him agen amongst a thousand.

Beat.

Beat. *Don Melchor*, in my conſcience, Madam.

Bell. This Rogue will invent more ſtories of me, than e'r were father'd upon *Lilly*.

Mask. Will you confeſs then; do you think I'll ſtain my Honor to ſwallow a Lye for you?

Bell. Well, a pox on you, I am an *Aſtrologer*.

Beat. O, are you ſo, Sir?

Theo. I hope then, learned Sir, as you have been curious in enquiring into my ſecrets, you will be ſo much a Cavalier as to conceal 'em.

Bell. You need not doubt me, Madam; I am more in your power than you can be in mine: beſides, if I were once known in Town, the next thing, for ought I know, would be to bring me before the Fathers of the Inquiſition.

Beat. Well, Madam, what do you think of me now; I have betray'd you, I have ſold you; how can you ever make me amends for this imputation? I did not think you could have us'd me ſo.——

[*Cries and claps her hands at her.*

Theo. Nay, prithee *Beatrix* do not cry; I'll leave off my new Gown to morrow, and thou ſhalt have it.

Beat. No, I'll cry eternally; you have taken away my good name from me; and you can never make me recompence——except you give me your new Gorget too.

Theo. No more words; thou ſhalt have it Girl.

Beat. O, Madam, your Father has ſurpriz'd us!

Enter Don Alonzo, *and frowns.*

Bell. Then I'll be gone to avoid ſuſpition.

Theo. By your favour, Sir, you ſhall ſtay a little; the happineſs of ſo rare an acquaintance, ought to be cheriſh'd on my ſide, by a longer converſation.

Alon. *Theodoſia*, what buſineſs have you with this Cavalier?

Theo. That, Sir, which will make you as ambitious of being known to him, as I have been: under the habit of a Gallant he conceals the greateſt *Aſtrologer* this day living.

Alon. You amaze me Daughter.

Theo. For my own part I have been conſulting with him about ſome

ſome particulars of my fortunes paſt and future; both which he has reſolv'd me with that admirable knowledge.———

Bell. Yes, faith, Sir, I was foretelling her of a diſaſter, that ſeverely threaten'd her: and (one thing I foreſee already by my Stars, that I muſt bear up boldly, or I am loſt.)

Mask. to *Bellamy.* Never fear him, Sir; he's an ignorant fellow, and credulous I warrant him.

Alon. Daughter, be not too confident in your belief; there's nothing more uncertain than the cold Prophecies of theſe *Noſtradamuſſes*; but of what Nature was the queſtion which you ask'd him?

Theo. What ſhould be my fortune in Marriage.

Alon. And, pray, what did you anſwer, Sir?

Bell. I anſwer'd her the truth, that ſhe is in danger of marrying a Gentleman without a fortune.

Theo. And this, Sir, has put me into ſuch a fright———

Alon. Never trouble your ſelf about it, Daughter; follow my advice, and I warrant you a rich Husband.

Bell. But the Stars ſay, ſhe ſhall not follow your advice: if it happens otherwiſe, I'll burn my *Folio* Volumes, and my Manuſcripts too, I aſſure you that, Sir.

Alon. Be not too confident, young man; I know ſomewhat in *Aſtrology* my ſelf; for in my younger years I ſtudied it; and though I ſay it, made ſome ſmall proficience in it.

Bell. Marry Heaven forbid.—— [*Aſide.*

Alon. And I could only find it was no way demonſtrative, but altogether fallacious.

Mask. On what a Rock have we ſplit our ſelves!

Bell. Now my ignorance will certainly come out!

Beat. Sir, remember you are old and crazy, Sir; and if the evening Air ſhould take you———beſeech you, Sir, retire.

Alon. Knowledge is to be prefer'd before health; I muſt needs diſcuſſe a point with this Learned Cavalier, concerning a difficult queſtion in that Art, which almoſt gravels me.

Mask. How I ſweat for him; *Beatrix*, and my ſelf too, who have brought him into this *Premunire!*

Beat. You muſt be impudent; for our old man will ſtick like a Burr to you, now he's in a diſpute.

Alon. What Judgement may a Man reaſonably form from the Trine

Trine Aspect of the two Infortunes in Angular Houses?

Bell. That's a matter of nothing, Sir; I'll turn my man loose to you for such a question. —— [*Puts* Maskal *forward.*

Alon. Come on, Sir, I am the quærent.

Mask. Meaning me, Sir! I vow to God, and your Worship knows it, I never made that Science my study in the least, Sir.

Bell. The gleanings of mine are enough for that: why, you impudent Rogue you, hold forth your gifts, or I'll——What a devil must I be pester'd with every trivial question, when there's not a Master in Town of any Science, but has his Usher for these mean Offices?

Theo. Try him in some deeper question, Sir; you see he will not put himself forth for this.

Alon. Then I'll be more abstruse with him: what think you, Sir, of the taking *Hyleg*? or of the best way of rectification for a Nativity? have you been conversant in the *Centiloquium* of *Trismegistus*: What think you of *Mars* in the Tenth, when 'tis his own House, or of *Jupiter* configurated with malevolent Planets?

Bell. I thought what your skill was! to answer your question in two words, *Mars* rules over the Martial, and *Jupiter* over the Jovial; and so of the rest, Sir.

Alon. This every School-boy could have told me.

Bell. Why then you must not ask such School-boys-questions. (But your Carkas, sirrah, shall pay for this.)

[*Aside to* Maskal.

Alon. You seem not to understand the Terms, Sir?

Bell. By your favour, Sir, I know there are five of 'em; do not I know your *Michaelmas*, your *Hillary*, your *Easter*, your *Trinity*, and your *Long Vacation* Term, Sir?

Alon. I do not understand a word of this *Jargon*.

Bell. It may be not, Sir; I believe the terms are not the same in *Spain* they are in *England*.

Mask. Did one ever hear so impudent an Ignorance?

Alon. The terms of Art are the same every where.

Bell. Tell me that! you are an old Man, and they are alter'd since you studied them.

Alon. That may be I must confess; however, if you please to discourse something of the Art to me, you shall find me an apt Scholar.

Enter a Servant *to Alonzo.*

Ser. Sir,———(*Whispers.*)

Alon. Sir, I am sorry a business of importance calls me hence; but I'll wait on you some other time, to discourse more at large of *Astrology*.

Bell. Is your business very pressing?

Alon. It is, I assure you, Sir.

Bell. I am very sorry, for I should have instructed you in such rare secrets; I have no fault, but that I am too communicative.

Alon. I'll dispatch my business, and return immediately; come away Daughter.

Exeunt Alonzo, Theodosia, Beatrix, Servus.

Bell. A Devil on's Learning; he had brought me to my last Legs; I was fighting as low as ever was Squire *Widdrington*.

Mask. Who would have suspected it from that wicked Elder?

Bell. Suspected it? why 'twas a palpable from his very Phisnomy; he looks like *Haly*, and the Spirit *Fiery* in the Fortune-Book.

Enter Wildblood.

Wild. How now *Bellamy*, in wrath? prithee what's the matter?

Bell. The story is too long to tell you; but this Rogue here, has made me pass for an errand Fortune teller.

Mask. If I had not, I'm sure he must have past for an errand Madman; he had discover'd, in a rage, all that *Beatrix* had confess'd to me concerning her Mistresses Love; and I had no other way to bring him off, but to say he knew it by the Planets.

Wild. And art thou such an Oph to be vext at this? as the adventure may be manag'd it may make the most pleasant one in all the Carnival.

Bell. Death! I shall have all *Madrid* about me within these two days.

Wild. Nay, all *Spain*, yfaith, as fast as I can divulge thee: not a Ship shall pass out from any Port, but shall ask thee for a Wind; thou shalt have all the Trade of *Lapland* within a month.

Bell. And do you think it reasonable for me to stand defendant to all the impertinent questions that the Town can ask me.

Wild.

Wild. Thou ſhalt do't boy, pox on thee, thou doſt not know thine own happineſs; thou wilt have the Ladies come to thee; and if thou doſt not fit them with fortunes, thou art bewitch'd.

Mask. Sir, 'tis the eaſieſt thing in Nature; you need but ſpeak doubtfully, or keep your ſelf in general terms, and for the moſt part tell good rather than bad fortune.

Wild. And if at any time thou ventur'ſt at particulars, have an evaſion, ready like *Lilly*; as thus, it will infallibly happen if our ſins hinder not. I would undertake with one of his Almanacks to give very good content to all Chriſtendom, and what good luck fell not out in one Kingdom, ſhould in another.

Mask. The pleaſure on't will be to ſee how all his Cuſtomers will contribute to their own deceiving; and verily believe he told them that, which they told him.

Bell. Umh! now I begin to taſte it; I am like the drunken Tinker in the Play, a great Prince, and never knew it.

Wild. A great Prince, a great Turk; we ſhall have thee within theſe two days, do grace to the Ladies, by throwing out a Handkerchief; 's lif, I could feaſt upon thy fragments.

Bell. If the Women come, you ſhall be ſure to help me to undergo the burden; for though you make me an *Aſtronomer*, I am no *Atlas*, to bear all upon my back.

But who are theſe?

Enter Muſicians with diſguiſes, and ſome in their hands.

Wild. You know the Men if their Masquing Habits were off; they are the Muſick of our Ambaſſadors Retinue: my project is to give our Miſtreſſes a Serenade; this being the laſt evening of the Carnival; and to prevent diſcovery, here are diſguiſes for us too.—

Bell. 'Tis very well; come *Maskal* help on with 'em, while they tune their Inſtruments.

Wild. Strike up Gentlemen; we'll entertain 'em with a Song *d'Angloiſe*, pray be ready with your *Chorus*.

SONG.

After the pangs of a desperate Lover,
When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain,
Ah what a pleasure it is to discover
In her eyes pity, who causes my pain!

2.

When with unkindess our Love at a stand is.
And both have punish'd our selves with the pain,
Ah what a pleasure the touch of her hand is,
Ah what a pleasure to press it again!

3.

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her tongue does deny,
Ah what a trembling I feel when I venture,
Ah what a trembling does usher my joy!

4.

When, with a Sigh, she accords me the blessing,
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain;
Ah what a joy 'tis, beyond all expressing,
Ah what a joy to hear, shall we again!

Theodosia *and* Jacinta *above.*

Jacinta *throws down her Handkerchief with a Favour ty'd to it.*

Fac. Ill Musicians must be rewarded: there, Cavalier, 'tis to buy your silence.——— *Exeunt Women from above.*

Wild. By this light, which at present is scarce an Oath, an Handerchief and a Favour.

Musick and Guittars tuning on the other side of the Stage.

Bell. Hark *Wildblood*, do you hear; there's more melody; on my life some *Spaniards* have taken up this Post for the same design.

Wild. I'll be with their Cats-guts immediately.

Bell. Prithee be patient; we shall lose the sport else.

Don Lopez *and Don* Melchor *diſguis'd with Servants, and Muſicians on the other ſide.*

Wild. 'Tis ſome Rival of yours or mine, *Bellamy*? for he addreſſes to this Window.

Bell. Damn him, let's fall on then.

The two Spaniards *and the* Engliſh *fight: the* Spaniards *are beaten off the Stage; the Muſicians on both ſides and Servants, fall confuſedly one over the other. They all get off, only* Maskal *remains upon the ground.*

Mask. riſing. So, all's paſt, and I am ſafe: a pox on theſe fighting Maſters of mine, to bring me into this danger with their Valours and Magnanimities. When I go a Serenading again with 'em, I'll give 'em leave to make Fiddle-ſtrings of my ſmall Guts.

To him Don Lopez.

Lop. Who goes there?

Mask. 'Tis Don *Lopez* by his voice.

Lop. The ſame; and by your's you ſhould belong to my two *Engliſh* Gueſts. Did you hear no tumult hereabours?

Mask. I heard a claſhing of Swords, and Men a fighting.

Lop. I had my ſhare in't; but how came you here?

Mask. I came hither by my Maſters order, to ſee if you were in any danger.

Lop. But how could he imagine I was in any?

Mask. 'Tis all one for that, Sir, he knew it, by—Heaven, what was I agoing to ſay, I had like to have diſcover'd all!

Lop. I find there is ſome ſecret in't; and you dare not truſt me.

Mask. If you will ſwear on your Honor to be very ſecret, I will tell you.

Lop. As I am a Cavalier, and by my Beard, I will.

Mask. Then, in few words, he knew it by *Aſtrology*, or *Magick*.

Lop. You amaze me! Is he converſant in the occult Sciences?

Mask. Moſt profoundly.

Lop. I always thought him an extraordinary perſon; but I could never imagine his Head lay that way.

Mask.

Mask. He ſhew'd me yeſterday in a Glaſs a Ladies Maid at *London*, whom I well knew; and with whom I us'd to converſe on a Pallet in a Drawing-room, while he was paying his Devotions to her Lady in the Bed-chamber.

Lop. Lord, what a Treaſure for a State were here! and how much might we ſave by this man, in Forreign Intelligence!

Mask. And juſt now he ſhew'd me how you were aſſaulted in the dark by Forreigners.

Lop. Could you gueſs what Countreymen?

Mask. I imagin'd them to be *Italians*.

Lop. Not unlikely; for they play'd moſt furiouſly at our backſides.

Mask. I will return to my Maſter with the good news of your ſafety; but once again be ſecret; or diſcloſe it to none but friends. ——So there's one Woodcock more in the Springe.—*Exit.*

Lop. Yes, I will be very ſecret; for I will tell it only to one perſon; but ſhe is a Woman. I will to *Aurelia*, and acquaint her with the skill of this rare Artiſt: ſhe is curious as all Women are; and, 'tis probable, will deſire to look into the Glaſs to ſee *Don Melchor*, whom ſhe believes abſent. So that by this means, without breaking my oath to him, he will be diſcover'd to be in Town. Then his intrigue with *Theodoſia* will come to light too, for which *Aurelia* will, I hope, diſcard him, and receive me. I will about it inſtantly:

Succeſs, in Love, on diligence depends;
No lazy Lover e're attain'd his ends. *Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Bellamy, Maskal.

Bell. THen, they were certainly Don *Lopez*, and Don *Melchor* with whom we fought!

Mask. Yes, Sir.

Bell. And when you met *Lopez*, he ſwallow'd all you told him?

Mask. As greedily, as if it had been a new Saints miracle.

Bell. I ſee 'twill ſpread.

Mask. And the fame of it will be of uſe to you in your next Amour

Amour: for the Women you know run mad after Fortune-tellers and Preachers.

Bell. But for all my bragging this Amour is not yet worn off. I find constancy, and once a night come naturally upon a man towards thirty: only we set a face on't; and call our selves unconstant for our reputation.

Mask. But, what say the Stars, Sir?

Bell. They move faster than you imagine; for I have got me an *Argol*, and an *English Almanack*; by help of which, in one half hour, I have learnt to Cant with an indifferent good grace: *Conjunction*, *Opposition*, *Trine*, *Square*, and *Sextile*, are now no longer Bug-bears to me, I thank my Stars for't.

Enter Wildblood.

——Monsieur *Wildblood*, in good time! What, you have been taking pains too, to divulge my Talent?

Wild. So successfully, that shortly there will be no talk in Town but of you only: another Miracle or two, and a sharp Sword, and you stand fair for a new Prophet.

Bell. But where did you begin to blow the Trumpet?

Wild. In the Gaming-house: where I found most of the Town-Wits; the Prose-Wits Playing, and the Verse-Wits Rooking.

Bell. All sorts of Gamesters are so superstitious, that I need not doubt of my Reception there.

Wild. From thence I went to the latter end of a Comedy, and there whisper'd it to the next Man I knew, who had a Woman by him.

Mask. Nay, then it went like a Train of Powder, if once they had it by the end.

Wild. Like a Squib upon a Line, yfaith it ran through one row, and came back upon me in the next: at my going out, I met a knot of *Spaniards*, who were formally listening to one who was relating it: but he told the story so ridiculously, with his Marginal Notes upon it, that I was forc'd to contradict him.

Bell. 'Twas discreetly done.

Wild. I, for you, but not for me: What, says he, must such Boracho's as you, take upon you to villify a Man of Science? I tell you,

you, he's of my intimate acquaintance, and I have known him long, for a prodigious person —— When I saw my *Don* so fierce, I thought it not wisdom to quarrel for so slight a matter as your Reputation, and so withdrew.

Bell. A pox of your success! now shall I have my Chamber besieg'd to morrow morning: there will be no stirring out for me; but I must be fain to take up their Questions in a cleft Cane, or a Begging-box, as they do Charity in Prisons.

Wild. Faith, I cannot help what your Learning has brought you to: Go in, and study; I foresee you will have but few Holidays: in the mean time I'll not fail to give the World an account of your indowments. Farewel: I'll to the Gaming-House.

Exit Wildblood.

Mask. O, Sir, here is the rarest adventure, and which is more, come home to you.

Bell. What is it?

Mask. A fair Lady and her Woman wait in the outer room to speak with you.

Bell. But how know you she is fair?

Mask. Her Woman pluckt up her Veil when she spake to me, so that having seen her this Evening, I know her Mistress to be *Donna Aurelia*, Cousin to your Mistress *Theodosia*, and who lodges in the same House with her: she wants a Star or two, I warrant you.

Bell. My whole Constellation is at her service: but what is she for a Woman?

Mask. Fair enough, as *Beatrix* has told me, but sufficiently impertinent. She is one of those Ladies who make ten visits in an afternoon; and entertain her they see, with speaking ill of the last from whom they parted: in few words, she is one of the greatest Coquette's in *Madrid*: and to show she is one, she cannot speak ten words without some affected phrase that is in fashion.

Bell. For my part I can suffer any impertinence from a Woman, provided she be handsom: my business is with her Beauty, not with her Morals: let her Confessor look to them.

Mask. I wonder what she has to say to you?

Bell. I know not; but I sweat for fear I should be gravell'd.

Mask. Venture out of your depth, and plunge boldly, Sir; I warrant you will swim.

Bell.

Bell. Do not leave me I charge you; but when I look mournfully upon you help me out.

Enter Aurelia *and* Camilla.

Mask. Here they are already [Aurelia *plucks up her Vail.*

Aur. How am I dreſt to night, *Camilla*? is no thing diſorder'd in my Head?

Cam. Not the leaſt hair, Madam.

Aur. No? let me ſee: give me the Counſellor of the Graces.

Cam. The Counſellor of the Graces, Madam?

Aur. My Glaſs I mean: what will you never be ſo ſpiritual as to underſtand refin'd Language?

Cam. Madam!

Aur. Madam me no Madam, but learn to retrench your words; and ſay Mam; as Yes Mam, and No Mam, as other Ladies Women do. Madam! 'tis a year in pronouncing.

Cam. Pardon me Madam.

Aur. Yet again ignorance: par-don Madam, fy fy, what a ſuper fluity is there, and how much ſweeter the Cadence is, parn me Mam! and for your Ladyſhip, your Laſhip——— Out upon't, what a furious indigence of Ribonds is here upon my Head! This dreſs is a Libel to my Beauty; a meer Lampoon. Would any one that had the leaſt revenue of common ſenſe, have done this?

Cam. Mam, the Cavalier approaches your Laſhip.

Bell. to *Mask. Maskal*, pump the Woman; and ſee if you can diſcover any thing to ſave my credit.

Aur. Out upon it; now I ſhould ſpeak I want aſſurance.

Bell. Madam, I was told you meant to honor me with your Commands.

Aur. I believe, Sir, you wonder at my confidence in this viſit: but I may be excus'd for waving a little modeſty to know the only perſon of the age.

Bell. I wiſh my skill were more to ſerve you, Madam.

Aur. Sir, you are an unfit judge of your own merits: for my own part I confeſs I have a furious inclination for the occult Sciences; but at preſent 'tis my misfortune——— [*Sighs.*

Bell. But why that ſigh, Madam?

Aur. You might ſpare me the ſhame of telling you, ſince I am ſure you can divine my thoughts: I will therefore tell you nothing.

Bell. What the Devil will become of me now!——[*Aſide.*

Aur. You may give me an Eſſay of your Science, by declaring to me the ſecret of my thoughts.

Bell. If I know your thoughts, Madam, 'tis in vain for you to diſguiſe them to me: therefore as you tender your own ſatisfaction, lay them open without baſhfulneſs.

Aur. I beſeech you let us paſs over that chapter, for I am ſhame-fac'd to the laſt point: Since therefore I cannot put off my modeſty, ſuccor it, and tell me what I think.

Bell. Madam, Madam, that baſhfulneſs muſt be laid aſide: not but that I know your buſineſs perfectly, and will if you pleaſe, unfold it to you all, immediately.

Aur. Favour me ſo far, I beſeech you, Sir; for I furiouſly deſire it.

Bell. But then I muſt call up before you a moſt dreadful Spirit, with Head upon Head, and Horns upon Horns: therefore conſider how you can endure it.

Aur. This is furiouſly furious; but rather then fail of my expectances, I'll try my aſſurance.

Bell. Well then, I find you will force me to this unlawful, and abominable act of Conjuration: remember the ſin is yours too.

Aur. I eſpouſe the crime alſo.

Bell. I ſee when a Woman has a mind to't, ſhe'll never boggle at a ſin. Pox on her, what ſhall I do?——Well, I'll tell you your thoughts, Madam; but after that expect no farther ſervice from me; for 'tis your confidence muſt make my Art ſucceſsful.——Well, you are obſtinate then, I muſt tell you your thoughts?

Aur. Hold, hold, Sir, I am content to paſs over that chapter, rather than be depriv'd of your aſſiſtance.

Bell. 'Tis very well; what need theſe circumſtances between us two? Confeſs freely, is not Love your buſineſs?

Aur. You have touch'd me to the quick, Sir.

Bell.

Bell. La you there; you ſee I knew it; nay, I'll tell you more, 'tis a man you love.

Aur. O prodigious Science! I confeſs I love a man moſt furiouſly, to the laſt point, Sir.

Bell. Now proceed Lady, your way is open; I am reſolv'd I'll not tell you a word farther.

Aur. Well then, ſince I muſt acquaint you with what you know much better than my ſelf; I will tell you I lov'd a Cavalier, who was noble, young, and handſome; this Gentleman is ſince gone for *Flanders*; now whether he has preſerv'd his paſſion inviolate or not, is that which cauſes my inquietude.

Bell. Trouble not your ſelf, Madam; he's as conſtant as a Romance Heros.

Aur. Sir, your good news has raviſh'd moſt furiouſly; but that I may have a confirmation of it, I beg only, that you would lay your Commands upon his *Genius*, or *Idea* to appear to me this night, that I may have my ſentence from his mouth. This, Sir, I know is a ſlight effect of your Science, and yet will infinitely oblige me.

Bell. What the Devil does ſhe call a ſlight effect! [*Aſide.*] Why Lady, do you conſider what you ſay? you deſire me to ſhew you a man whom your ſelf confeſs to be in *Flanders*.

Aur. To view him in a Glaſs is nothing, I would ſpeak with him in perſon, I mean his *Idea*, Sir.

Bell. I but Madam, there is a vaſt Sea betwixt us and *Flanders*; and Water is an Enemy to Conjuration: A Witches Horſe you know, when he enters into Water, returns into a bottle of Hay again.

Aur. But, Sir, I am not ſo ill a *Geographer*, or to ſpeak more properly, a *Chorographer*, as not to know there is a paſſage by Land from hence to *Flanders*.

Bell. That's true, Madam, but Magick Works in a direct line. Why ſhould you think the Devil ſuch an Aſs to go about? 'gad he'll not ſtir a ſtep out of his road for you or any man.

Aur. Yes, for a Lady, Sir; I hope he's a perſon that wants not that civility for a Lady; eſpecially a Spirit that has the honor to belong to you, Sir.

Bell. For that matter he's your Servant, Madam, but his education has been in the fire, and he's naturally an enemy to water I assure you.

Aur. I beg his pardon for forgetting his Antipathy; but it imports not much, Sir; for I have lately receiv'd a Letter from my Servant, that he is yet in *Spain*; and stays for a wind in *St. Sebastians*.

Bell. Now I am lost past all redemption. —— *Maskal.* —— must you be smickering after Wenches while I am in calamity? [*Aside.*

Mask. It must be he, I'll venture on't. [*aside.*] Alas, Sir, I was complaining to my self of the condition of poor Don *Melchor*, who you know is windbound at *St. Sebastians*.

Bell. Why you impudent Villain, must you offer to name him publickly, when I have taken so much care to conceal him all this while?

Aur. Mitigate your displeasure I beseech you; and without making farther testimony of it, gratify my expectances.

Bell. Well, Madam, since the Sea hinders not, you shall have your desire. Look upon me with a fix'd eye ——— so ——— or a little more amorously if you please. ——— Good. Now favour me with your hand.

Aur. Is it absolutely necessary you should press my hand thus?

Bell. Furiously necessary, I assure you, Madam; for now I take possession of it in the name of the *Idea* of Don *Melchor*. Now, Madam, I am farther to desire of you, to write a Note to his Genius, wherein you desire him to appear, and this, we Men of Art, call a Compact with the *Idea's*.

Aur. I tremble furiously.

Bell. Give me your hand, I'll guide it. [*They write.*

Mask. to *Cam.* Now, Lady mine, what think you of my Master?

Cam. I think I would not serve him for the world: nay, if he can know our thoughts by looking on us, we Women are Hypocrites to little purpose.

Mask. He can do that and more; for by casting his eyes but once upon them, he knows whether they are Maids, better than a whole Jury of Midwives.

Cam.

Cam. Now Heaven defend me from him.

Mask. He has a certain small Familiar which he carries ſtill about him, that never fails to make diſcovery.

Cam. See, they have done writing; not a word more, for fear he knows my voice.

Bell. One thing I had forgot, Madam, you muſt ſubſcribe your name to't.

Aur. There 'tis; farewel Cavalier, keep your promiſe, for I expect it furiouſly.

Cam. If he ſees me I am undone. [*Hiding her face.*

Bell. Camilla!

Cam. Starts and ſhrieks. Ah he has found me; I am ruin'd!

Bell. You hide your Face in vain; for I ſee into your Heart.

Cam. Then, ſweet Sir, have pity on my frailty; for if my Lady has the leaſt inkling of what we did laſt night, the poor Coachman will be turn'd away. *Exit after her Lady.*

Mask. Well, Sir, how like you your new Profeſſion?

Bell. Would I were well out on't; I ſweat all over.

Mask. But what faint-hearted Devils yours are that will not go by Water? Are they all *Lancaſhire* Devils, of the brood of *Tybert* and *Grimalkin*, that they dare not wet their feet?

Bell. Mine are honeſt Land-Devils, good plain Poſt-Poſts, that beat upon the hoof for me: but to ſave their labor, here take this, and in ſome diſguiſe deliver it to *Don Melchor*.

Mask. I'll ſerve it upon him within this hour, when he ſallies out to his Aſſignation with *Theodoſia*: 'tis but counterfeiting my voice a little; for he cannot know me in the dark. But let me ſee what are the words? [*Reads.*

Don Melchor, *if the Magique of Love have any power upon your Spirit, I conjure you to appear this night before me: you may gueſs the greatneſs of my paſſion, ſince it has forc'd me to have recourſe to Art: but no ſhape which reſembles you can fright*

Aurelia.

Bell. Well, I am glad there's one point gain'd; for by this means he will be hinder'd to night from entertaining *Theodoſia*. ——Pox on him, is he here again?

Enter

Enter Don Alonzo.

Alon. Cavalier *Ingles* I have been seeking you: I have a Present in my Pocket for you; read it by your Art and take it.

Bell. That I could do easily;—but to shew you I am generous, I'll none of your Present; do you think I am mercenary?

Alon. I know you will say now 'tis some Astrological question, and so 'tis perhaps.

Bell. I, 'tis the Devil of a question without dispute.

Alon. No, 'tis within dispute: 'tis a certain difficulty in the Art; a Problem which you and I will discuss; with the arguments on both sides.

Bell. At this time I am not problematically given; I have a humour of complaisance upon me, and will contradict no Man.

Alon. We'll but discuss a little.

Bell. By your favour, I'll not discusse; for I see by the Stars, that if I dispute to day, I am infallibly threatened to be thought ignorant all my life after.

Alon. Well, then, we'll but cast an eye together, upon my eldest Daughters Nativity.

Bell. Nativity!——

Alon. I know what you would say now, that there wants the Table of Direction for the five Hylegyacalls; the Ascendant, *Medium Cœli*, Sun, Moon, and Sors: but we'll take it as it is.

Bell. Never tell me that, Sir——

Alon. I know what you would say again, Sir,——

Bell. 'Tis well you do, for I'll be sworn I do not——[*Aside.*

Alon. You would say, Sir——

Bell. I say, Sir, there is no do doing without the Sun and Moon, and all that, Sir. And so you may make use of your Paper for your occasions. Come to a man of Art without the Sun and Moon, and all that, Sir—— [*Tears it.*

Alon. 'Tis no matter; this shall break no squares betwixt us. [*Gathers up the torn Papers.*

I know

know what you would ſay now, that Men of parts are always cholerick; I know it by my ſelf, Sir.

[*He goes to match the Papers.*

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Don Alonzo in my Houſe! this is a moſt happy opportunity to put my other deſign in execution; for if I can perſwade him to beſtow his Daughter on Don *Melchor*, I ſhall ſerve my Friend, though againſt his will: and when *Aurelia* ſees ſhe cannot be his, perhaps ſhe will accept my Love.

Alon. I warrant you, Sir, 'tis all piec'd right, both top, ſides, and bottom; for, look you, Sir, here was *Aldeboran*, and there *Cor Scorpii*———

Lop. Don Alonzo, I am happy to ſee you under my roof! and ſhall take it———

Alon. I know what you would ſay, Sir, that though I am your neighbor, this is the firſt time I have been here. [*To* Bellamy.——But, come, Sir, by Don *Lopez* his permiſſion let us return to our Nativity.

Bell. Would thou wert there in thy Mother's Belly again.

———*Aſide.*

Lop. But *Sennor*———to *Alonzo.*

Alon. It needs not *Sennor*; I'll ſuppoſe your Compliment; you would ſay that your Houſe and all things in it are at my ſervice: but let us proceed without his interruption.

Bell. By no means, Sir; this Cavalier is come on purpoſe to perform the civilities of his Houſe to you.

Alon. But, good Sir———

Bell. I know what you would ſay, Sir.

Exeunt Bellamy *and* Maſkal.

Lop. No matter, let him go, Sir; I have long deſir'd this opportunity to move a Sute to you in the behalf of a friend of mine: if you pleaſe to allow me the hearing of it.

Alon. With all my heart, Sir.

Lop. He is a perſon of Worth and Vertue, and is infinitely ambitious of the Honour———

Alon. Of being known to me; I underſtand you, Sir.

Lop.

Lop. If you will please to favour me with your patience, which I beg of you a second time.

Alon. I am dumb, Sir.

Lop. This Cavalier of whom I was speaking, is in Love—

Alon. Satisfy your self, Sir, I'll not interrupt you.

Lop. Sir, I am satisfied of your promise.

Alon. If I speak one syllable more, the Devil take me: Speak when you please.

Lop. I am going, Sir;

Alon. You need not speak twice to me to be silent: though I take it somewhat ill of you to be tutor'd ——

Lop. This eternal old Man will make me mad. [*Aside.*

Alon. Why when do you begin, Sir? How long must a man wait for you? pray make an end of what you have to say quickly, that I may speak in my turn too.

Lop. This Cavalier is in Love —— ——

Alon. You told me that before, Sir; Do you speak Oracles, that you require this strict attention? either let me share the talk with you, or I am gone.

Lop. Why, Sir, I am almost mad to tell you, and you will not suffer me.

Alon. Will you never have done, Sir; I must tell you, Sir, you have tatled long enough; and 'tis now good manners to hear me speak. Here's a Torrent of words indeed; a very *impetus dicendi*, Will you never have done?

Lop. I will be heard in spight of you.

This next Speech of Lopez, *and the next of* Alonzo's, *with both their Replies, are to be spoken at one time; both raising their voices by little and little, till they baul, and come up close to shoulder one another.*

Lop. There's one Don *Melchor de Guzman*, a Friend and Acquaintance of mine, that is desperately in Love with your eldest Daughter *Donna Theodosia.*

Alon. *at the same time.* 'Tis the Sentence of a Philosopher, *Loquere ut te videam*; Speak that I may know thee; now if you take away the power of speaking from me——

[*Both pause a little, then speak together again.*

Lop. I'll try the Language of the Law; sure the Devil cannot

not out-talk that Gibberiſh———For this *Don Melchor* of *Madrid* aforeſaid, as premiſed, I requeſt, move, and ſupplicate, that you would Give, Beſtow, Marry, and give in Marriage, this your Daughter aforeſaid, to the Cavalier aforeſaid——not yet, thou Devil of a Man thou ſhalt be ſilent ——

[*Exit* Lopez *running.*

Alon. *At the ſame time with* Lopez *his laſt ſpeech, and after* Lopez *is run out.* Oh, how I hate, abominate, deteſt and abhor, theſe perpetual Talkers, Diſputants, Contro-verters, and Duellers of the Tongue! But, on the other ſide, if it be not permitted to pru-dent Men to ſpeak their minds, appoſitely, and to the purpoſe, and in few words———If, I ſay, the prudent muſt be Tongue-ty'd; then let Great Nature be deſtroy'd; let the order of all things be turn'd topſy-turvy; let the Gooſe devour the Fox; let the Infants preach to their Great Grand-fires; let the tender Lamb purſue the Wolf; and the Sick preſcribe to the Phyſitian. Let Fiſhes live upon dry Land, and the Beaſts of the Earth inhabit in the Water.———
Let the fearful Hare———

Enter Lopez *with a Bell, and rings it in his Ears.*

Alon. Help, help, murder, murder, murder. [*Exit* Alon. *running.*
There was no way but this to be rid of him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there are ſome Women without in Maſquerade; and, I believe, perſons of Quality, who are come to play here.

Lop. Bring 'em in with all reſpect.

Enter again the Servant, after him Jacinta, Beatrix, *and other Ladies and Gentlemen; all Maſqued.*

Lop. Cavaliers, and Ladies, you are welcome: I wiſh I had more company to entertain you:———Oh, here comes one ſooner than I expected.

Enter Wildblood *and* Maskal.

Wild. I have ſwept your Gaming-houſe, y'faith, *Ecce ſignum.* [*Shows Gold.*

Lop. Well, here's more to be had of theſe Ladies, if it be your fortune.

Wild. The firſt Stakes I would play for, ſhould be their Vails and Viſor-Masques.

Fac. to *Beat.* Do you think he will not know us?

Beat. If you keep your deſign of paſſing for an *African.*

Fac. Well, now I ſhall make an abſolute trial of him; for, being thus *incognita*, I ſhall diſcover if he make Love to any of you. As for the Gallantry of his Serenade, we will not be indebted to him, for we will make him another with our Guittars.

Beat. I'll whiſper your intention to the Servant, who ſhall deliver it to Don *Lopez.* [Beatrix *whiſpers to the* Servant.

Serv. to *Lopez.* Sir, the Ladies have commanded me to tell you, that they are willing, before they play, to preſent you with a Dance; and to give you an Eſſay of their Guittars.

Lop. They much honor me.

A DANCE.

After the Dance the Cavaliers *take the* Ladies, *and Court them.* Wildblood *takes* Jacinta;

Wild. While you have been Singing, Lady, I have been Praying: I mean, that your Face and Wit may not prove equal to your Dancing; for, if they be, there's an heart gone aſtray to my knowledge.

Fac. If you pray againſt me before you have ſeen me, you'll curſe me when you have look'd on me.

Wild. I believe I ſhall have cauſe to do ſo, if your Beauty be as killing as I imagine it.

Fac.

Fac. 'Tis true, I have been flatter'd in my own Countrey, with an opinion of a little handſomneſs; but, how it will paſs in *Spain* is a queſtion.

Wild. Why Madam, Are you not of *Spain?*

Fac. No, Sir, of *Morocco*: I only came hither to ſee ſome of my Relations who are ſetled here, and turn'd *Chriſtians*, ſince the expulſion of my Countreymen the *Moors*.

Wild. Are you then a *Mahometan?*

Fac. A *Muſullman* at your ſervice.

Wild. A *Muſullwoman* ſay you? I proteſt by your voice I ſhould have taken you for a *Chriſtian* Lady of my acquaintance.

Fac. It ſeems you are in love then: if ſo, I have done with you. I dare not invade the Dominions of another Lady; eſpecially in a Countrey where my Anceſtors have been ſo unfortunate.

Wild. Some little liking I might have, but that was only a morning-dew, 'tis drawn up by the Sun-ſhine of your Beauty: I find your *African Cupid* is a much ſure Acher, then ours of *Europe*. Yet would I could ſee you; one look would ſecure your victory.

Fac. I'll reſerve my Face to gratify your imagination with it, make what head you pleaſe, and ſet it on my Shoulders

Wild. Well, Madam, an Eye, a Noſe, or a Lip ſhall break no ſquares: the Face is but a ſpans breadth of Beauty; and where there is ſo much beſides, I'll never ſtand with you for that.

Fac. But, in earneſt, Do you love me?

Wild. I, by *Alha.* do I, moſt extreamly: you have Wit in abundance, you Dance to a Miracle, you Sing like an Angel, and I believe you look like a Cherubim.

Fac. And can you be conſtant to me?

Wild. By *Mahomet*, can I.

Fac. You ſwear like a *Turk*, Sir; but, take heed: for our Prophet is a ſevere puniſher of Promiſe-breakers.

Wild. Your Prophet's a Cavalier; I honor your Prophet and his Law, for providing ſo well for us Lovers in the

other World, Black Eyes, and Fresh Maidenheads every day; go thy way little *Mahomet*, y'faith thou shalt have my good word. But, by his favour Lady, give me leave to tell you, that we of the Uncircumcised, in a civil way, as Lovers, have somewhat the advantage of your *Musullman*.

Fac. The Company are rejoyn'd, and set to play; we must go to 'em: Adieu, and when you have a thought to throw away, bestow it on your Servant *Fatyma*.

[*She goes to the company.*

Wild. This Lady *Fatyma* pleases me most infinitely: now am I got among the *Hamets*, the *Zegrys*, and the *Bencerrages*. Hey, what work will the *Wildbloods* make among the *Cids*, and the *Bens* of the *Arabians*!

Beat. to *Jac.* False, or true Madam?

Fac. False as Hell; but by Heaven I'll fit him for't: Have you the high-running Dice about you?

Beat. I got them on purpose, Madam.

Fac. You shall see me win all their Money; and when I have done, I'll return in my own person, and ask him for the Money which he promis'd me.

Beat. 'Twill put him upon a streight to be so surpriz'd: but, let us to the Table, the company stays for us.

[*The company sit.*

Wild. What is the Ladies Game, Sir?

Lop. Most commonly they use Raffle. That is, to throw with three Dice, till Duplets and a chance be thrown; and the highest Duplets wins, except you throw *In and In*, which is call'd Raffle; and that wins all.

Wild. I understand it: Come, Lady, 'tis no matter what I lose; the greatest stake, my heart, is gone already. [*To* Jacinta.

[*They play: and the rest by couples.*

Wild. So I have a good chance, two Quaters and a Sice.

Fac. Two Sixes and a Trey wins it. *Sweeps the Money.*

Wild. No matter; I'll try my fortune once again: what have I here two Sixes and a Quater? an hundred Pistols on that throw.

Fac. I take you, Sir, *Beatrix* the high running Dice.

Beat. Here Madam.

Fac. Three Fives; I have won you, Sir.

Wild. I, the pox take me for't, you have won me: it would never have vex'd me to have loſt my Money to a *Chriſtian*; but to a Pagan, an Infidel.——

Mask. Pray, Sir, leave off while you have ſome Money.

Wild. Pox of this Lady *Fatyma*! Raffle thrice together, I am out of patience.

Mask. to him. Sir, I beſeech you if you will loſe, to loſe *en Cavalier.*

Wild. Tol-de-ra, Tol-de-ra—Pox and curſe Tol-de-ra, *&c.* What the Devil did I mean to play with this Brunet of *Afrique*?

[*The Ladies riſe.*

Wild. Will you begone already Ladies?

Lop. You have won our Money; but however we are acknowledging to you for the honor of your company.

Jacinta *makes a ſign of farewel to* Wildblood.

Wild. Farewel Lady *Fatyma.* [*Exeunt all but* Wild. *and* Mask.

Mask. All the company took notice of your concernment.

Wild. 'Tis no matter; I do not love to fret inwardly, as your ſilent loſers do, and in the mean time be ready to choak for want of vent.

Mask. Pray conſider your condition a little; a younger Brother in a foreign Countrey, living at a high rate, your Money loſt, and without hope of a ſupply. Now curſe if you think good.

Wild. No, now I will laugh at my ſelf moſt unmercifully: for my condition is ſo ridiculous; that 'tis paſt curſing. The pleaſant'ſt part of the adventure is, that I have promis'd 300 Piſtols to *Jacinta*: but there is no remedy, they are now fair *Fatyma's.*

Mask. Fatyma!

Wild. I, I, a certain *African* Lady of my acquaintance whom you know not.

Mask. But who is here, Sir!

Enter Jacinta *and* Beatrix *in their own ſhapes.*

Wild. Madam, what happy Star has conducted you hither to night! A thouſand Devils of this fortune? —— [*Aſide.*

Fac.

Fac. I was told you had Ladies here and Fiddles; ſo I came partly for the divertiſement, and partly out of jealouſie.

Wild. Jealouſie! why ſure you do not think me a Pagan, an Infidel? but the company's broke up you ſee. Am I to wait upon you home, or will you be ſo kind to take a hard lodging with me to night?

Fac. You ſhall have the honor to lead me to my Father's.

Wild. No more words then, let's away to prevent diſcovery.

Beat. For my part I think he has a mind to be rid of you.

Wild. No: but if your Lady ſhould want ſleep, 'twould ſpoil the luſtre of her Eyes to morrow. There were a Conqueſt loſt.

Fac. I am a peaceable Princeſs, and content with my own; I mean your Heart, and Purſe; for the truth is, I have loſt my Money to night in *Maſquerade*, and am come to claim your promiſe of ſupplying me.

Wild. You make me happy by commanding me: to morrow morning my ſervant ſhall wait upon you with 300 Piſtols.

Fac. But I left my company with promiſe to return to play.

Wild. Play on tick, and loſe the *Indies*, I'll diſcharge it all to morrow.

Fac. To night, if you'll oblige me.

Wild. Maskal, go and bring me 300 Piſtols immediately.

Mask. Are you mad, Sir?

Wild. Do you expoſtulate you raſcal! how he ſtares! I'll be hang'd if he have not loſt my Gold at Play: if you have, confeſs you had beſt, and perhaps I'll pardon you; but if you do not confeſs, I'll have no mercy: did you loſe it?

Mask. Sir, 'tis not for me to diſpute with you.

Wild. Why then let me tell you, you did loſe it.

Fac. I, as ſure as e're he had it. I dare ſwear for him: but commend me you for a kind Maſter, that can let your Servant play off 300 Piſtols, without the leaſt ſign of anger to him.

Beat. 'Tis a ſign he has a greater banck in ſtore to comfort him.

Wild. Well, Madam, I muſt confeſs I have more then I will ſpeak of at this time; but till you have given me ſatisfaction——

Fac.

Fac. Satisfaction; why are you offended, Sir?

Wild. Heaven! that you ſhould not perceive it in me: I tell you I am mortally offended with you.

Fac. Sure 'tis impoſſible.

Wild. You have done nothing I warrant, to make a man jealous: going out a gaming in Maſquerade, at unſeaſonable hours, and loſing your Money at play; that loſs, above all, provokes me.

Beat. I believe you; becauſe ſhe comes to you for more. [*Aſide.*

Fac. Is this the quarrel? I'll clear it immediately.

Wild. 'Tis impoſſible you ſhould clear it; I'll ſtop my ears if you but offer it. There's no ſatisfaction in the point.

Fac. You'll hear me?———

Wild. To do this in the beginning of an Amour, and to a jealous Servant as I am, had I all the wealth of *Peru*, I would not let go one Maravedis to you.

Fac. To this I anſwer———

Wild. Anſwer nothing, for it will but enflame the quarrel betwixt us: I muſt come to my ſelf by little and little; and when I am ready for ſatisfaction I will take it: but at preſent it is not for my honor to be friends.

Beat. Pray let us neighbor Princes interpoſe a little,

Wild. When I have conquer'd, you may interpoſe; but at preſent, the mediation of all *Chriſtendom* would be fruitleſs.

Fac. Though *Chriſtendom* can do nothing with you, yet I hope an *African* may prevail. Let me beg you for the ſake of the Lady *Fatyma*.

Wild. I begin to ſuſpect that Lady *Fatyma* is no better than ſhe ſhould be. If ſhe be turn'd Chriſtian again I am undone.

Fac. By *Alha* I am afraid on't too: by *Mahomet* I am.

Wild. Well, well, Madam, any man may be overtaken with an Oath; but I never meant to perform it with her: you know no Oaths are to be kept with Infidels. But———

Fac. No, the love you made was certainly a deſign of the charity you had to reconcile the two Religions. There's ſcarce ſuch another man in *Europe* to be ſent Apoſtle to convert the *Moor* Ladies.

Wild.

Wild. Faith I would rather widen their breaches than make 'em up.

Fac. I ſee there's no hope of a reconcilement with you; and therefore I give it o're as deſperate.

Wild. You have gain'd your point, you have my Money; and I was only angry, becauſe I did not know 'twas you who had it.

Fac. This will not ſerve your turn, Sir; what I have got, I have conquer'd from you.

Wild. Indeed you uſe me like one that's conquer'd; for you have plunder'd me of all I had.

Fac. I only diſarm'd you for fear you ſhould rebell again; for if you had the ſinews of War, I am ſure you would be flying out.

Wild. Dare but to ſtay without a new Servant till I am fluſh again, and I will love you, and treat you, and preſent you at that unreaſonable rate; that I will make you an example to all unbelieving Miſtreſſes.

Fac. Well, I will try you once more; but you muſt make haſte then, that we may be within our time; methinks our love is drawn out ſo ſubtle already, that 'tis near breaking.

Wild. I will have more care of it on my part, than the kindred of an old Pope have to preſerve him.

Fac. Adieu; for this time I wipe off your ſcore.
Till you're caught tripping in ſome new amour. [*Ex. Women.*

Mask. You have us'd me very kindly, Sir, I thank you.

Wild. You deſerv'd it, for not having a lye ready for my occaſions. A good Servant ſhould be no more without it, than a Soldier without his Arms. But prithee adviſe me what's to be done to get *Facinta.*

Mask. You have loſt her, or will loſe her by your ſubmitting: If we Men could but learn to value our ſelves, we ſhould ſoon take down our Miſtreſſes from all their Altitudes, and make 'em dance after our Pipes, longer perhaps than we had a mind to't.——But I muſt make haſte, or I ſhall loſe *Don Melchor.*

Wild. Call *Bellamy*, we'll both be preſent at thy enterprize: then I'll once more to the Gaming-houſe with my ſmall ſtock,

for

for my laſt refuge: if I win, I have wherewithal to mollify *Jacinta.*

If I throw out, I'll bear it off with huffing;
And ſnatch the Money like a Bulli-Ruffin. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Bellamy, Wildblood, Maskall in a Viſor.

Bell. HEre comes one, and in all probability it muſt be *Don Melchor* going to *Theodoſia.*

Mask. Stand cloſe, and you ſhall ſee me ſerve the Writ upon him.

Enter Don *Melchor:*

Wild. Now, *Maskall.*

Mask. I ſtay'd here, Sir, by expreſs order from the Lady *Aurelia,* to deliver you this Note; and to deſire you from her, to meet her immediately in the Garden.

Mel. Do you hear friend!

Mask. Not a Syllable more, Sir, I have perform'd my Orders. [Maskal *retires to his Maſters.*

Mel. He's gone; and 'tis in vain for me to look after him. What envious Devil has diſcover'd to *Aurelia* that I am in Town! it muſt be *Don Lopez,* who to advance his own pretenſions to her, has endeavour'd to ruine mine.

Wild. It works rarely.

Mel. But I am reſolv'd to ſee *Aurelia*; if it be but to defeat him. *Exit* Melchor.

Wild. Let's make haſte after him; I long to ſee the end of this adventure.

Mask. Sir, I think I ſee ſome Women coming yonder.

Bell. Well; I'll leave you to your adventures; while I proſecute my own.

Wild. I warrant you have made an Assignation to instruct some Lady in the *Mathematicks.*

Bell. I'll not tell you my design; because if it does not succeed, you shall not laugh at me. *Exit* Bellamy.

Enter Beatrix; *and* Jacinta *in the Habit of a Mulatta.*

Wild. Let us withdraw a little, and see if they will come this way.

Beat. We are right, Madam, 'tis certainly your *Englishman*, and his Servant with him. But why this second trial, when you engag'd to break with him, if he fail'd in the first?

Jac. 'Tis true, he has been a little inconstant, cholerick, or so.

Beat. And it seems you are not contented with those Vices; but are searching him for more. This is the folly of a bleeding Gamester, who will obstinately pursue a losing hand.

Jac. On t'other side, you would have me throw up my Cards before the Game be lost: let me make this one more trial, when he has Money, whether he will give it me, and then if he fails——

Beat. You'll forgive him agen.

Jac. He's already in Purgatory; but the next offence shall put him in the pit, past all redemption; prithee sing, to draw him nearer: Sure he cannot know me in this disguise.

Beat. Make haste then; for I have more Irons in the fire: when I have done with you, I have another Assignation of my Lady *Theodosia*'s to Don *Melchor.*

SONG.

Calm was the Even, and cleer was the Sky,
And the new budding Flowers did spring,
When all alone went Amyntas *and I*
To hear the sweet Nightingal *sing;*
I sate, and he laid him down by me;
But scarcely his breath he could draw;
For when with a fear, he began to draw near,
He was dash'd with A ha ha ha ha!

He

2.

He blush'd to himself, and lay still for a while,
And his modesty curb'd his desire;
But streight I convinc'd all his fear with a smile,
Which added new Flames to his Fire.
O Sylvia, *said he, you are cruel,*
To keep your poor Lover in awe;
Then once more he prest with his hand to my brest,
But was dash'd with A ha ha ha ha.

3.

I knew 'twas his passion that caus'd all his fear;
And therefore I pitty'd his Case:
I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
And laid my Cheek close to his Face:
But as he grew bolder and bolder,
A Shepheard came by us and saw;
And just as our bliss we began with a Kiss,
He laugh'd out with A ha ha ha ha.

Wild. If you dare be the *Sylvia*, Lady, I have brought you a more confident *Amyntas*, than that bashful Gentleman in your Song——— [*Goes to lay hold of her.*

Fac. Hold, hold; Sir, I am only an Ambassadress sent you from a Lady, I hope you will not violate the Laws of Nations.

Wild. I was only searching for your Letters of Credence: but methinks with that Beauty you look more like a Herauld that comes to denounce War to all Mankind———

Fac. One of the Ladies in the Masque to night has taken a liking to you; and sent you by me this Purse of Gold, in recompence of that she saw you lose.

Wild. And she expects in return of it, that I shall wait on her; I'll do't, Where lives she? I am desperately in love with her.

Fac. Why, Can you love her unknown?

Wild. I have a bank of Love, to supply every ones occa-

ſions; ſome for her, ſome for another, and ſome for you; charge what you will upon me, I pay all at ſight, and without queſtioning who brought the Bill.

Jac. Heyday, You diſpatch your Miſtreſſes as faſt, as if you meant to over-run all Woman-kind: ſure you aim at the Univerſal Monarchy.

Wild. Now I think on't, I have a fooliſh fancy to ſend thy Lady a taſte of my Love by thee.

Jac. 'Tis impoſſible your Love ſhould be ſo humble, to deſcend to a *Mulatta.*

Wild. One would think ſo, but I cannot help it. Gad, I think the reaſon is, becauſe there's ſomething more of ſin in thy colour then in ours. I know not what's the matter, but a *Turky-Cock* is not more provok'd at Red, then I briſtle at the ſight of Black. Come, be kinder to me, Young, and ſlip an opportunity? 'Tis an Evening loſt out of your life.

Jac. Theſe fine things you have ſaid over a thouſand times; your cold Compliment's the cold Pye of Love which you ſerve up to every new gueſt whom you invite.

Wild. Come; becauſe thou art very moving, here's part of the Gold, which thou brought'ſt to corrupt me for thy Lady: truth is, I had promis'd a ſumm to a *Spaniſh* Lady —— but thy Eyes have allur'd it from me.

Jac. You'll repent to morrow.

Wild. Let to morrow ſtarve: or provide for himſelf, as to night has done: to morrow is a cheat in love, and I will not truſt it.

Jac. I, but Heaven that ſees all things ——

Wild. Heaven that ſees all things, will ſay nothing: that is, all Eyes and no tongue; *Et la lune & les eſtoiles,* ——you know the Song.

Jac. A poor ſlave as I am ——

Wild. It has been always my humour to love downward. I love to ſtoop to my prey, and to have it in my power to Sowſe at when I pleaſe, When a man comes to a great Lady, he is fain to approach her with fear and reverence; methinks there's ſomething of Godlineſs in't.

Fac. Yet I cannot believe, but the meanneſs of my Habit muſt needs ſcandalize you.

Wild. I'll tell thee my friend and ſo forth, that I exceedingly honour courſe Linnen; 'tis as proper ſometimes in an under Garment, as a courſe Towel is to rub and ſcrub me.

Fac. Now I am altogether of the other ſide, I can love no where but above me: methinks the ratling of a Coach and ſix Horſes, ſounds more eloquently, then the beſt Harangue a Wit could make me.

Wild. Do you make no more eſteem of a Wit then?

Fac. His commendations ſerve only to make others have a mind to me; he does but ſay Grace to me like a Chaplain; and like him is the laſt that ſhall fall on. He ought to get no more by it, then a poor Silk-Weaver does by the Ribbond which he works, to make a Gallant fine.

Wild. Then what is a Gentleman to hope from you?

Fac. To be admitted to paſs my time with, while a better comes: to be the loweſt ſtep in my Stair-caſe, for a Knight to mount upon him, and a Lord upon him, and a Marqueſs upon him, and a Duke upon him, till I get as high as I can climb.

Wild. For ought I ſee, the Great Ladies have the Appetites which you Slaves ſhould have; and you Slaves the Pride which ought to be in Ladies. For, I obſerve, that all Women of your condition are like the Women of the Play-houſe, ſtill Piquing at each other, who ſhall go the beſt Dreſt, and in the richeſt Habits: till you work up one another by your high flying, as the *Heron* and *Jerfalcon* do. If you cannot out-ſhine your fellow with one Lover, you fetch her up with another: and in ſhort, all you get by it is only to put Finery out of countenance; and to make the Ladies of Quality go plain, becauſe they will avoid the ſcandal of your bravery.

Beat. Running in. Madam, come away; I hear company in the Garden.

Wild. You are not going?

Fac. Yes, to cry out a Rape if you follow me.

Wild. However, I am glad you have left your Treaſure behind you: farewel Fairy.

Fac. Farewel Changeling—Come *Beatrix.* [*Ex. Women Mask.*

Mask. Do you know how you came by this Money, Sir? you think, I warrant, that it came by fortune.

Wild. No, Sirrah, I know it came by my own induſtry. Did not I come out diligently to meet this Gold, in the very way it was to come? what could Fate do leſs for me? they are ſuch thoughtleſs, and undeſigning Rogues as you, that make a drudge of poor Providence, and ſet it a ſhifting for you. Give me a brave fellow like my ſelf; that if you throw him down into the World, lights every where upon his Legs, and helps himſelf, without being beholding to Fate, that is the Hoſpital of fools.

Mask. But after all your jollity, what think you if it was *Facinta* that gave it you in this diſguiſe? I am ſure I heard her call *Beatrix* as ſhe went away.

Wild. Umh! thou awaken'ſt a moſt villainous apprehenſion in me! methought indeed I knew the voice; but the face was ſuch an evidence againſt it! if it were ſo, ſhe is loſt for ever.

Mask. And ſo is *Beatrix*!

Wild. Now could I cut my throat for madneſs.

Mask. Now could I break my neck for deſpair; if I could find a Precipice abſolutely to my liking.

Wild. 'Tis in vain to conſider on't. There's but one way; go you *Maskal*, and find her out, and invent ſome excuſe for me, and be ſure to beg leave I may come and wait upon her with the Gold before ſhe ſleeps.

Mask. In the mean time you'll be thinking at your Lodging.

Wild. But make haſte then to relieve me; for I think over all my thoughts in half an hour.

[*Exit* Maskal.

Wild. ſolus. Hang't, now I think on't, I ſhall be but melancholique at my Lodging, I'll go paſs my hour at the Gaming-houſe, and make uſe of this Money while I have tools, to win more to it. Stay, let me ſee, I have the Box and Throw. My *Don* he ſets me ten Piſtols; I nick him: ten more, I ſweep them too. Now in all reaſon he is netled, and ſets me twenty: I win them too. Now he kindles and butters me with forty. They are all my own: in fine, he is vehement, and bleeds on to fourſcore or an hundred; and I not willing to tempt Fortune, come away a moderate winner of 200 Piſtols.

The

The Scene opens and diſcovers Aurelia *and* Camilla: *behind them a Table and Lights ſet on it.*

The Scene *is a Garden with an Arbor in it. The Garden door opens.*

How now! *Aurelia* and *Camilla* in expectation of Don *Melchor* at the Garden door; I'll away leſt I prevent the deſign, and within this half hour come ſailing back with full pockets, as wantonly as a laden Galleon from the *Indies*.

Exit.

Aur. But doſt thou think the *Engliſhman* can keep his promiſe? for I confeſs I furiouſly deſire to ſee the *Idea* of Don *Melchor*.

Cam. But Madam, if you ſhould ſee him, it will not be he, but the Devil in his likeneſs; and then why ſhould you deſire it?

Aur. In effect 'tis a very dark *Ænigma*; and one muſt be very ſpiritual to underſtand it. But be what it will, Body or Fantome, I am reſolv'd to meet it.

Cam. Can you do it without fear?

Aur. No; I muſt avow it, I am furiouſly fearful; but yet I am reſolv'd to ſacrifice all things to my Love. Therefore let us paſs over that chapter. [*Don* Melchor *without.*

Cam. Do you hear, Madam, there's one treading already; how if it be he?

Aur. If it be he; that is to ſay, his Specter, that is to ſay, his Fantome, that is to ſay, his Idea; that is to ſay, He and not he.

Cam. crying out. Ah, Madam, 'tis he himſelf; but he's as big again as he us'd to be, with Eyes like Sawcers.——I'll ſave my ſelf [*Runs under the Table.*

Enter Don Melchor, *they both ſhreek.*

Aur. Oh Heaven! humanity is not able to ſupport it. [*Running.*

Mel. Dear *Aurelia*, what mean you?

Aur. The Tempter has imitated his voice too; avoid, avoid! Specter.

Cam. If he ſhould find me under the Table now!

Mel. Is it thus my Dear, that you treat your Servant?

Aur.

Aur. I am not thy Dear; I renounce thee, Spirit of Darkneſs.

Mel. This Spirit of Darkneſs, is come to ſee an Angel of Light by her Command; and to aſſure her of his conſtancy, that he will be hers eternally.

Aur. Away Infernal, 'tis not thee, 'tis the true Don *Melchor* that I would ſee.

Mel. Hell and Furies.

Aur. Heaven and Angels! Ah——— [*Runs out ſhreeking.*

Mel. This is a Riddle, paſt my finding out, to ſend for me, and then to ſhun me; but here's one ſhall reſolve it for me: *Camilla*, what doſt thou there?

Cam. Help, help, I ſhall be carried away, bodily.

She riſes up, overthrows the Table and Lights, and runs out.

The Scene *ſhuts.*

Mel. alone. Why *Aurelia*, *Camilla!* they are both run out of hearing! This amazes me; what can the meaning of it be? Sure ſhe has heard of my unfaithfulneſs, and was reſolv'd to puniſh me by this contrivance! to put an affront upon me by this abrupt departure, as I did on her by my ſeeming abſence.

Enter Theodoſia *and* Beatrix.

Theo. Don *Melchor*! is it you my Love that have frighted *Aurelia* ſo terribly?

Mel. Alas, Madam, I know not; but coming hither by your appointment, and thinking my ſelf ſecure in the night without diſguiſe, perhaps it might work upon her fancy, becauſe ſhe thought me abſent.

Theo. Since 'tis ſo unluckily fallen out, that ſhe knows you are at *Madrid*, it can no longer be kept a ſecret; therefore you muſt now pretend openly to me, and run the riſque of a denial from my Father.

Mel. O, Madam, there's no queſtion but he'll refuſe me: for alas, what is it he can ſee in me worthy of that Honor? or if he ſhould be ſo partial to me, as ſome in the world are, to think me Valiant, Learned, and not altogether a fool, yet my want of fortune would weigh down all.

Theo.

Theo. When he has refus'd you his consent, I may with Justice dispose of my self; and that, while you are constant, shall never be to any but your self: in witness of which, accept this Diamond as a Pledge of my Hearts firmness to you.

Beat. Madam, your Father is coming this way.

Theo. 'Tis no matter; do not stir; since he must know you are return'd, let him now see you.

Enter Don Alonzo.

Alon. Daughter, What make you here at this unseasonable hour?

Theo. Sir,———

Alon. I know what you would say, That you heard a noise, and ran hither to see what it might be———Bless us! Who is this with you?

Mel. 'Tis your servant Don *Melchor*; just return'd from *St. Sebastians.*

Alon. But, Sir, I thought you had been upon the Sea for *Flanders.*

Mel. I had so design'd it.

Alon. But, why came you back from *St. Sebastians?*

Mel. As for that, Sir, 'tis not material———

Theo. An unexpected Law-Sute has call'd him back from *St. Sebastians.*

Alon. And, how fares my Son-in-Law, that lives there?

Mel. In Catholique health, Sir.

Alon. Have you brought no Letters from him?

Mel. I had, Sir, but I was set on by the way, by Pickeroons: and, in spight of my resistance, rob'd, and my Portmantue taken from me.

Theo. And this was that which he was now desiring me to excuse to you.

Alon. If my Credit, Friends, or Counsel can do you any service in your Sute, I hope you will command them freely.

Mel. When I have dispatch'd some private business, I shall

not fail to trouble you; till then, humbly kisses your hands, the most oblig'd of your servants——— *Exit* Melchor.

Alon. Daughter, now this Cavalier is gone, What occasion brought you out so late? I know what you would say, That it is Melancholly; a Tincture of the Hypocondriaque you mean: but, What cause have you for this Melancholly? give me your hand, and answer me without Ambages or Ambiguities.

Theo. He will find out I have given away my Ring——— I must prevent him——Sir, I am asham'd to confess it to you, but, in hope of your indulgence, I have lost the Table Diamond you gave me.

Alon. You would say, the fear of my displeasure has caus'd this perturbation in you; well, do not disquiet your self too much, you say 'tis gone; I say so too. 'Tis stolen; and that by some Thief I take it: but, I will go and consult the *Astrologer* immediately. [*He is going.*

Theo. What have I done? to avoid one inconvenience, I have run into another: this Devil of an *Astrologer* will discover that Don *Melchor* has it. [*Aside.*

Alon. When did you lose this Diamond? the minute and second I should know; but the Hour will serve for the Degree ascending.

Theo. Sir, the precise time I know not; but, it was betwixt six and seven this evening, as near as I can guess.

Alon. 'Tis enough; by all the Stars I'll have it for you: therefore go in, and suppose it on your Finger.

Beat. I'll watch you at a distance, Sir, that my *Englishman* may have wherewithal to answer you——— [*Aside.*

Exit Theo. Beat.

Alon. This melancholly wherewith my Daughter laboureth, is——a——I know what I would say, is a certain species of the Hysterical Diseases; or a certain motion, caused by a certain appetite, which at a certain time heaveth in her like a certain motion of an Earthquake———

Enter

Enter Bellamy.

Bell. This is the place, and very near the time that *Theodoſia* appoints her meeting with Don *Melchor*. He is this night otherwiſe diſpos'd of with *Aurelia*: 'Tis but trying my fortune to tell her of his Infidelity, and my Love. If ſhe yields ſhe makes me happy; if not, I ſhall be ſure Don *Melchor* has not planted the Arms of *Spain* in the Fort before me. However, I'll puſh my fortune as ſure as I am an *Engliſhman*.

Alon. Sennor *Ingles*, I know your voice, though I cannot perfectly diſcern you.

Bell. How the Devil come he to croſs me?

Alon. I was juſt coming to have ask'd another Favour of you.

Bell. Without Ceremony command me, Sir.

Alon. My Daughter *Theodoſia* has loſt a fair Diamond from her finger, the time betwixt ſix and ſeven this evening; now I deſire you, Sir, to erect a Scheme for it, and if it be loſt, or ſtolen, to reſtore it to me——This is all, Sir.

Bell. There is no end of this old fellow; thus will he bait me from day to day, till my ignorance be found out.——

[*Aſide.*

Alon. Now is he caſting a Figure by the Art of Memory, and making a Judgement of it to himſelf. This *Aſtrology* is a very myſterious ſpeculation—— [*Aſide.*

Bell. 'Tis a madneſs for me to hope I can deceive him longer. Since then he muſt know I am no *Aſtrologer*, I'll diſcover it my ſelf to him, and bluſh once for all—— [*Aſide.*

Alon. Well, Sir, and what do the Stars hold forth? What ſays nimble Maſter *Mercury* to the matter?

Bell. Sir, not to keep you longer in ignorance, I muſt ingeniouſly declare to you that I am not the man for whom you take me. Some ſmattering in *Aſtrology* I have; which my friends, by their indiſcretion, have blown abroad, beyond my intentions. But, you are not a perſon to be impos'd on like the vulgar: therefore, to ſatisfy you in one word, my skill goes not far enough to give you knowledge of what you deſire from me.

Alon. You have ſaid enough, Sir, to perſwade me of your Science, if Fame had not publiſh'd it, yet this very humility of yours, were enough to confirm me in the belief of it.

Bell. Death, you make me mad, Sir: Will you have me ſwear? As I am a Gentleman, a man of the Town, one who wears good Cloaths, Eats, Drinks, and Wenches abundantly; I am a damn'd ignorant, and ſenceleſs fellow.

Enter Beatrix.

Alon. How now Gentlewoman——What, Are you going to relief by Moonſhine?

Beat. I was going on a very charitable Office, to help a friend that was gravell'd in a very doubtful buſineſs.

Bell. Some good news, Fortune, I beſeech thee.

Beat. But now I have found this Learned Gentleman, I ſhall make bold to propound a queſtion to him from a Lady.

Alon. I will have my own Queſtion firſt reſolv'd.

Bell. O, Sir, 'tis from a Lady——

Beat. If you pleaſe, Sir, I'll tell it in your ear——My Lady has given Don *Melchor* the Ring; in whoſe company her Father found her but juſt now at the Garden door.

[*In whiſper.*

Bell. aloud. Come to me to morrow, and you ſhall receive an anſwer——

Beat. Your Servant, Sir.——

Exit Beatrix.

Alon. Sir, I ſhall take it very unkindly if you ſatisfy any other, and leave me in this perplexity.

Bell. Sir, if my knowledge were according——

Alon. No more of that, Sir, I beſeech you.

Bell. Perhaps I may know ſomething by my Art concerning it; but, for your quiet, I wiſh you would not preſs me.

Alon. Do you think I am not Maſter of my Paſſions?

Bell. Since you will needs know what I would willingly have conceal'd, the perſon who has your Diamond, is he whom you ſaw laſt in your Daughters company.

Alon.

Alon. You would ſay 'tis Don *Melchor de Guzman.* Who, the Devil would have ſuſpected him of ſuch an action? But he is of a decay'd Family, and poverty, it ſeems, has inforc'd him to it: now I think on't better, he has e'n ſtolen it for a Fee to bribe his Lawyer; to requite a Lye with a Theft; I'll ſeek him out, and tell him part of my mind before I ſleep. *Exit* Alon.

Bell. So, once more I am at liberty: but this *Aſtrology* is ſo troubleſome a Science——would I were well rid on't.

Enter Don Lopez *and a Servant.*

Lop. *Aſtrology* does he ſay? O Cavalier is it you; not finding you at home, I came on purpoſe to ſeek you out: I have a ſmall requeſt to the Stars by your Mediation.

Bell. Sir, for pity let 'em ſhine in quiet a little; for what for Ladies and their ſervants, and younger Brothers, they ſcarce get a Holiday in a Twelvemonth.

Lop. Pray pardon me, if I am a little curious of my deſtiny, ſince all my happineſs depends on your anſwer.

Bell. Well, Sir, What is it you expect?

Lop. To know whether my Love to a Lady will be ſucceſsful.

Bell. 'Tis *Aurelia* he means——[*Aſide.*] Sir, in one word, I anſwer you, that your Miſtreſs loves another: one who is your friend: but comfort your ſelf; the Dragons Tail is between him and home, he ſhall enjoy never her.

Lop. But what hope for me?

Bell. The Stars have partly aſſur'd me you ſhall be happy, if you acquaint her with your Paſſion, and with the double dealing of your friend, who is falſe to her.

Lop. You ſpeak like an Oracle. But I have engag'd my promiſe to that friend to ſerve him in his Paſſion to my Miſtreſs.

Bell. We *Engliſh* ſeldom make ſuch ſcruples; Women are not compriz'd in our Laws of Friendſhip: they are *feræ naturæ*; our common Game, like Hare and Partridge: every man has equal right to them, as he has to the Sun and Elements.

Lop. Muſt I then betray my Friend?

Bell. In that caſe my friend is a *Turk* to me, if he will be ſo ſcrous as to retain two Women to his private uſe; I will be factious

factious for all diſtreſſed Damſels; who would much rather have their cauſe try'd by a full Jury, than a ſingle Judge.

Lop. Well, Sir, I will take your counſel; and if I erre, the fault be on Love and you.—— —— *Exit* Lopez.

Bell. Were it not for Love, I would run out of the Town, that's the ſhort on't; for I have engag'd my ſelf in ſo many promiſes for the Sun and Moon, and thoſe little minc'd-meats of 'em, that I muſt hide before my day of payment comes. In the mean time I forget *Theodoſia*; but now I defie the Devil to hinder me.

As he is going out, he meets Aurelia, *and almoſt juſtles her down. With her* Camilla *enters.*

Aur. What rudeneſs is this?

Bell. Madam *Aurelia*, is it you?

Aur. Monſieur *Bellamy*?

Bell. The ſame, Madam.

Aur. My Unkle told me he left you here: and indeed I came hither to complain of you: for you have treated me ſo inhumanely, that I have ſome reaſon to reſent it.

Bell. What occaſion can I have given you for a complaint?

Aur. Don *Melchor*, as I am inform'd by my Unkle, is effectively at *Madrid*: ſo that it was not his Idea, but himſelf in perſon whom I ſaw: and ſince you knew this, why did you conceal it from me?

Bell. When I ſpoke with you I knew it not: but I diſcover'd it in the erecting of my Figure. Yet if inſtead of his Idea I conſtrain'd himſelf to come, in ſpight of his reſolution to remain conceal'd, I think I have ſhown a greater effect of my Art than what I promis'd.

Aur. I render my ſelf to ſo convincing an argument: but by over-hearing a diſcourſe juſt now betwixt my Couſin *Theodoſia* and her Maid, I find that he has conceal'd himſelf upon her account, which has given me jealouſie to the laſt point; for to avow an inconteſtable Truth, my Couſin is furiouſly handſome.

Bell. Madam, Madam, truſt not your Ears too far; ſhe talk'd on purpoſe that you might hear her: but I aſſure you, the true cauſe of Don *Melchor*'s concealment, was not love of her, but jealouſie

jealouſie of you: he ſtaid in private to obſerve your actions: build upon't Madam, he is inviolably yours.

Aur. Then will he ſacrifice my Couſin to me?

Bell. 'Tis furiouſly true Madam.

Aur. O moſt agreeable aſſurance!

Cam. *Albricias* Madam, for my good news; *Don Melchor* is coming this way; I know him by his voice; but he is in company with another perſon.

Aur. It will not be convenient to give him any umbrage by ſeeing me with another perſon; therefore I will go before; do you ſtay here and conduct him to my Apartment. Good night, Sir. *Exit.*

Bell. I have promis'd Don *Lopez* he ſhall poſſeſs her; and I have promis'd her ſhe ſhall poſſeſs Don *Melchor*: 'tis a little difficult, I confeſs, as to the Matrimonial part of it: but if Don *Melchor* will be civil to her, and ſhe be civil to Don *Lopez*, my credit is ſafe without the benefit of my Clergy. But all this is nothing to *Theodeſia*. *Exit* Bellamy.

Enter Don Alonzo *and Don* Melchor.

Cam. Don *Melchor*, a word in private.

Mel. Your pleaſure, Lady; Sir, I will wait on you immediately.

Cam. I am ſent to you from a fair Lady, who bears you no ill will. You may gueſs whom I mean.

Mel. Not by my own merits, but by knowing whom you ſerve: but I confeſs I wonder at her late ſtrange uſage when ſhe fled from me.

Cam. That was only a miſtake; but I have now, by her command, been in a thouſand places in queſt of you.

Mel. You overjoy me.

Cam. And where amongſt the reſt do you think I have been looking you?

Mel. Pray refreſh my memory.

Cam. In that ſame ſtreet, by that ſame Shop, you know where, by a good token.

Mel. By what token?

Cam.

Cam. Juſt by that Shop, where out of your nobleneſs, you promis'd me a new Silk Gown.

Mel. O, now I underſtand you.

Cam. Not that I preſs you to a performance ———

Mel. Take this, and pleaſe your ſelf in the choice of it ——— [*Gives her Money.*

Cam. Nay, dear Sir, now you make me bluſh; in faith I—am aſham'd—I ſwear 'tis only becauſe I would keep ſomething for your ſake.—But my Lady expects you immediately in her Appartment.

Mel. I'll wait on her if I can poſſibly——— *Exit* Camilla. But if I can prevail with Don *Alonzo* for his Daughter, then will I again conſider, which of the Ladies beſt deſerves me.——— [*Aſide.*

To Alonzo. Sir, I beg your pardon for this rudeneſs, in leaving you.

Alon. I cannot poſſibly reſolve with my ſelf to tell him openly he is a Thief; but I'll guild the Pill for him to ſwallow. [*Aſide.*

Mel. I believe he has diſcover'd our Amour: how he ſurveys me for a Son-in-Law!

Alon. Sir, I am ſorry for your ſake, that true Nobility is not always accompanied with Riches to ſupport it in its luſtre.

Mel. You have a juſt exception againſt the Capriciouſneſs of deſtiny; yet if I were owner of any noble qualities, (which I am not) I ſhould not much eſteem the goods of fortune.

Alon. But pray conceive me, Sir, your Father did not leave you flouriſhing in wealth.

Mel. Only a very fair Seat in *Andaluſia*, with all the pleaſures imaginable about it: that alone, were my poor deſerts according, which I confeſs they are not, were enough to make a Woman happy in it.

Alon. But give me leave to come to the point, I beſeech you Sir, I have loſt a Jewel which I value infinitely, and I hear it is in your poſſeſſion: but I accuſe your wants, not you, for it.

Mel. Your Daughter is indeed a Jewel, but ſhe were not loſt, were ſhe in poſſeſſion of a man of parts.

Alon.

Alon. A precious Diamond, Sir——

Mel. But a man of honor, Sir.

Alon. I know what you would ſay, Sir, that a man of honor is not capable of an unworthy action; but therefore I do not accuſe you of the theft, I ſuppoſe the Jewel was only put into your hands.

Mel. By honorable ways I aſſure you, Sir.

Alon. Sir, Sir, will you reſtore my Jewel?

Mel. Will you pleaſe, Sir, to give me leave to be the unworthy poſſeſſor of her? I know how to uſe her with that reſpect.——

Alon. I know what you would ſay, Sir, but if it belongs to our Family; otherwiſe I aſſure you it were at your ſervice.

Mel. As it belongs to your Family I covet it; not that I plead my own deſerts, Sir.

Alon. Sir, I know your deſerts; but I proteſt I cannot part with it: for I muſt tell you, this Diamond Ring was originally my Great Grandfathers.

Mel. A Diamond Ring, Sir, do you mean?——

Alon. By your patience, Sir, when I have done you may ſpeak your pleaſure. I only lent it to my Daughter; but, how ſhe loſt it, and how it came upon your finger, I am yet in *tenebris.*

Mel. Sir.——

Alon. I know it, Sir; but ſpare your ſelf the trouble, I'll ſpeak for you; you would ſay you had it from ſome other hand; I believe it, Sir.

Mel. But, Sir.——

Alon. I warrant you, Sir, I'll bring you off without your ſpeaking; from another hand you had it; and now, Sir, as you ſay, Sir, and as I am ſaying for you, Sir, you are loath to part with it.

Mel. Good Sir, ——let me——

Alon. I underſtand you already, Sir, that you have taken a fancy to it, and would buy it; but, to that I anſwer as I did before, that it is a Relique of my Family: now, Sir, if you can urge ought farther, you have liberty to ſpeak without interruption.

Mel. This Diamond you ſpeak on, I confeſs———

Alon. But, What need you confeſs, Sir, before you are accus'd?

Mel. You promis'd you would hear me in my turn, Sir, but———

Alon. But, as you were ſaying, it is needleſs, becauſe I have already ſpoken for you.

Mel. The truth is, Sir, I was too preſumptuous to take this Pledge from *Theodoſia* without your knowledge; but, you will pardon the invincible neceſſity, when I tell you———

Alon. You need not tell me, I know your neceſſity was the reaſon of it, and that place and opportunity have caus'd your error.

Mel. This is the goodeſt old man I ever knew; he prevents me in my motion for his Daughter. Since, Sir, you know the cauſe of my errors, and are pleas'd to lay part of the blame upon Youth and Opportunity; I beſeech you favour me ſo far, to accept me as fair *Theodoſia* already has———

Alon. I conceive you, Sir, that I would accept of your excuſe: why reſtore the Diamond, and 'tis done.

Mel. More joyfully then I receiv'd it: and with it I beg the honour to be receiv'd by you as your Son-in-Law.

Alon. My Son-in-Law! this is the moſt pleaſant Propoſition I ever heard.

Mel. I am proud you think it ſo; but, I proteſt I think not I deſerve this Honor.

Alon. Nor I, I aſſure you, Sir; marry my Daughter——— ha, ha, ha.

Mel. But, Sir———

Alon. I know what you would ſay, Sir, that there is too much hazard in the profeſſion of a Thief, and therefore you would Marry my Daughter to become rich, without venturing your Neck for't. I beſeech you, Sir, ſteal on, be apprehended, and if you pleaſe, be hang'd, it ſhall make no breach betwixt us. For my part, I'll keep your Counſel, and ſo good night, Sir.

Exit Alonzo.

Mel. Is the Devil in this old man, firſt, to give me occaſion to confeſs my Love, and, when he knew it, to promiſe he would keep

keep my Counſel? But, who are theſe? I'll not be ſeen; but to my old appointment with *Theodoſia*, and deſire her to unriddle it——— *Exit* Melchor.

Enter Maskal, Jacinta, Beatrix.

Mask. But, Madam, do you take me for a man of Honour?

Jac. No.

Mask. Why there's it; if you had, I would have ſworn that my Maſter has neither done nor intended you any injury; I ſuppoſe you'll grant he knew you in your diſguiſe?

Beat. Nay, to know her, and uſe her ſo, is an aggravation of his Crime.

Mask. Unconſcionable *Beatrix*! Would you two have all the Carnival to your ſelves? He knew you, Madam, and was reſolv'd to countermine you in all your Plots. But when he ſaw you ſo much piqued, he was too good natur'd to let you ſleep in wrath, and ſent me to you to diſabuſe you: for, if the buſineſs had gone on till to morrow when *Lent* begins, you would have grown ſo peeviſh (as all good Catholicks are with Faſting) that the quarrel would never have been ended.

Jac. Well; this mollifies a little: I am content he ſhall ſee me.

Mask. But, that you may be ſure he knew you, he will bring the Certificate of the Purſe along with him.

Jac. I ſhall be glad to find him innocent.

Enter Wildblood *at the other end of the Stage.*

Wild. No mortal man ever threw out ſo often. It could not be me, it muſt be the Devil that did it: he took all the Chances, and chang'd 'em, after I had thrown 'em: but, I'll be even with him; for I'll never throw one of his Dice more.

Mask. Madam, 'tis certainly my Maſter; and he is ſo zealous to make his peace, that he could not ſtay till I call'd him to you———Sir.

Wild. Sirrah, I'll teach you more manners than to leave me another time: you Rogue, you have loſt me two hundred Piſtols, you, and the Devil your accomplice; you, by leaving me to my ſelf, and he by tempting me to play it off.

Mask. Is the wind in that door? here's like to be fine doings.

Wild. Oh miſchief! am I fallen into her ambuſh? I muſt face it out with another quarrel. —— [*Aſide.*

Fac. Your Man has been treating your Accommodation; 'tis halfe made already.

Wild. I; on your part it may be.

Fac. He ſays you knew me.

Wild. Yes; I do know you ſo well, that my poor heart akes for't: I was going to bed without telling you my mind; but, upon conſideration I am come.

Fac. To bring the Money with you.

Wild. To declare my grievances, which are great, and many.

Mask. Well; for impudence, let thee alone.

Wild. As in the firſt place ——

Fac. I'll hear no Grievances; where's the Money?

Beat. I; keep to that, Madam.

Wild. Do you think me a perſon to be ſo us'd?

Fac. We will not quarrel; where's the Money?

Wild. By your favour we will quarrel.

Beat. Money, Money ——.

Wild. I am angry, and can hear nothing.

Beat. Money, Money, Money, Money.

Wild. Do you think it a reaſonable thing to put on two diſguiſes in a night, to tempt a man? (Help me, *Maskal*, for I want Arguments abominably) I thank Heaven I was never ſo barbarouſly us'd in all my life.

Fac. He begins to anger me in good earneſt.

Mask. A thing ſo much againſt the Rules of Modeſty: ſo undecent a thing.

Wild. I, ſo undecent a thing: nay, now I do not wonder at my ſelf for being angry. And then to wonder I ſhould love her in thoſe diſguiſes? to quarrel at the natural deſires of humane

mane kind, aſſaulted by powerful temptations; I am inrag'd at that——

Fac. Hey day! you had beſt quarrel too for my bringing you the Money!

Wild. I have a grudging to you for't: (*Maskal,* the Money *Maskal*; now help or we are gone.)

Mask. Would ſhe offer to bring Money to you? firſt to affront your poverty.——

Wild. I; to affront my poverty. But, that's no great matter; and then——

Mask. And then, to bring you Money (I ſtick faſt, Sir.)

Wild. (Forward, you Dog, and invent, or I'll cut your throat;) and then, as I was ſaying, to bring me Money——

Mask. Which is the greateſt and moſt ſweet of all temptations; and to think you could reſiſt it: being alſo aggravated by her handſomneſs who brought it?

Wild. Reſiſt it? no; I would ſhe would underſtand it, I know better what belongs to fleſh and bloud than ſo.

Beat. to *Fac.* This is plain confederacy; I ſmoak it; he came on purpoſe to quarrel with you; break firſt with him and prevent it.

Fac. If it be come to that once, the Devil take the hindmoſt; I'll not be laſt in love; for that will be a diſhonor to my Sex.

Wild. And then——

Fac. Hold Sir; there needs no more: you ſhall fall out; and I'll gratify you with a new occaſion: I only try'd you, in hope you would be falſe; and rather than fail of my deſign, brought Gold to bribe you to't.

Beat. As people when they have an ill bargain, are content to loſe by't, that they may get it off their hands.

Mask. Beatrix, while our Principals are engag'd, I hold it not for our honor to ſtand idle.

Beat. With all my heart: pleaſe you let us draw off to ſome other ground.

Mask. I dare meet you on any Spot, but one.

Wild. I think we ſhall do well to put it to an iſſue; this is the

the laſt time you ſhall ever be troubled with my Addreſſes.

Jac. The favour had been greater to have ſpar'd this too.

Mask. Beatrix, let us diſpatch; or they'll break off before us.

Beat. Break as faſt as thou wilt, I am as brittle as thou art for thy heart.

Wild. Becauſe I will abſolutely break off with you, I will keep nothing that belongs to you: therefore take back your Picture, and your Handkerchief.

Jack. I have nothing of yours to keep; therefore take back your liberal promiſes. Take 'em in imagination.

Wild. Not to be behind hand with you in your frumps, I give you back your Purſe of Gold: take you that——in imagination.

Jac. To conclude with you, take back your Oaths and Proteſtations; they are never the worſe for the wearing, I aſſure you: therefore take 'em, ſpick and ſpan new, for the uſe of your next Miſtreſs.

Mask. Beatrix, follow your Leader; here's the ſixpenny Whittle you gave me, with the Mutton Haft: I can ſpare it, for knives are of little uſe in *Spain*.

Beat. There's your Cizars with the ſtinking Braſs Chain to 'em: 'tis well there was no love betwixt us; for they had been too dull to cut it.

Mask. There's the Dandriffe Comb you lent me.

Beat. There's your Ferret Riboning for Garters.

Mask. I would never have come ſo near as to have taken 'em from you.

Beat. For your Letter I have it not about me; but upon reputation I'll burn it.

Mask. And for yours, I have already put it to a fitting imployment.——Courage, Sir; how goes the Battel on your wing?

Wild. Juſt drawing off on both ſides. Adieu *Spain*.

Jac. Farewel old *England*.

Beat. Come away in Triumph; the day's your own Madam.

Mask. I'll bear you off upon my Shoulders, Sir; we have broke their hearts.

Wild.

Wild. Let her go firſt then; I'll ſtay and keep the honor of the Field.

Fac. I'll not retreat, if you ſtay till midnight.

Wild. Are you ſure then we have done loving?

Fac. Yes very ſure; I think ſo.

Wild. 'Tis well you are ſo; for otherwiſe I feel my ſtomach a little mankiſh. I ſhould have doubted another fit of Love were coming up.

Fac. No, no; your inconſtancy ſecures you enough for that.

Wild. That's it which makes me fear my own returning: nothing vexes me but that you ſhould part with me ſo ſlightly, as though I were not worth your keeping; well, 'tis a ſign you never lov'd me.

Fac. 'Tis the leaſt of your care whether I did or did not: it may be it had been more for the quiet of my ſelf, if I—— but 'tis no matter, I'll not give you that ſatisfaction.

Wild. But what's the reaſon you will not give it me?

Fac. For the reaſon that we are quite broke off.

Wild. Why are we quite broke off?

Fac. Why are we not?

Wild. Well, ſince 'tis paſt, tis paſt; but a pox of all fooliſh quarrelling, for my part.

Fac. And a miſchief of all fooliſh diſguiſements, for my part.

Wild. But if it were to do again with another Miſtriſs, I would e'n plainly confeſs I had loſt my Money.

Fac. And if I had to deal with another Servant, I would learn more wit than to tempt him in diſguiſes: for that's to throw a *Venice*-Glaſs to the ground, to try if it would not break.

Wild. If it were not to pleaſe you, I ſee no neceſſity of our parting.

Fac. I proteſt I do it only out of complaiſance to you.

Wild But if I ſhould play the fool and ask you pardon, you would refuſe it.

Fac. No, never ſubmit, for I ſhould ſpoil you again with pardoning you

Mask. Do you hear this, *Beatrix*: they are juſt upon the point

point of accommodation; we must make haste or they'll make a peace by themselves; and exclude us from the Treaty.

Beat. Declare your self the Aggressor then: and I'll take you into mercy.

Wild. The worst that you can say of me is, that I have lov'd you thrice over.

Fac. The Articles between *Spain* and *England* are seal'd; for the rest, concerning a more strict Alliance; if you please we'll dispute them in the Garden.

Wild. But in the first place, let us agree on the Article of Navigation, I beseech you.

Beat. These Leagues offensive and defensive will be too strict for us, *Maskal:* a Treaty of Commerce will serve our turn.

Mask. With all my heart; and when our Loves are veering, We'll make no words, but fall to Privateering.

Exeunt the Men leading the Women.

ACT V.

Lopez, Aurelia and Camilla.

Lop. 'Tis true, if he had continu'd constant to you, I should have thought my self oblig'd in honor to be his friend; but I could no longer suffer him to abuse a person of your worth and beauty with a feign'd affection.

Aur. But is it possible Don *Melchor* should be false to Love? I'll be sworn I did not imagine such a Treachery could have been in nature; especially to a Lady who had so oblig'd him.

Lop. 'Twas this, Madam, which gave me the confidence to wait upon you at an hour, which would be otherwise unseasonable.

Aur. You are the most obliging person in the World.

Lop. But to clear it to you that he is false; he is at this very minute at an Assignation with your Cousin in the Garden; I am sure he was endeavovring it not an hour ago.

Aur.

Aur. I ſwear this Evenings Air begins to incommode me extremely with a cold; but yet in hope of detecting this perjur'd man I am content to ſtay abroad.

Lop. But withal you muſt permit me to tell you, Madam, that it is but juſt I ſhould have ſome ſhare in a heart which I endeavour to redeem: in the Law of Arms you know that they who pay the Ranſom have right to diſpoſe of the priſoner.

Aur. The prize is ſo very inconſiderable, that 'tis not worth the claiming.

Lop. If I thought the boon were ſmall, I would not importune my Princeſs with the asking it: but ſince my life depends upon the Grant———

Cam. Mam, I muſt needs tell your Laſhip, that Don *Lopez* has deſerv'd you: for he has acted all along like a Cavalier; and more for your intereſt than his own; beſides Mam, Don *Melchor*, is as poor as he is falſe: for my part, I ſhall ne'r endure to call him Maſter.

Aur. Don *Lopez* go along with me, I can promiſe nothing, but I ſwear, I will do my beſt, to diſingage my Heart from this furious tender which I have for him.

Cam. If I had been a man I could never have forſaken you: Ah thoſe languiſhing caſts, Mam; and that pouting Lip of your Laſhip, like a Cherry-bough weigh'd down with the weight of Fruit.

Aur. And that ſigh too, I think is not altogether diſagreeable: but ſomething *charmante* and *magnonne*.

Cam. Well, Don *Lopez*, you'll be but too happy.

Lop. If I were once poſſeſſor———

Enter Bellamy *and* Theodoſia.

Theo. O we are ſurpriz'd.

Bell. Fear nothing, Madam, I think I know 'em: Don *Lopez*?

Lop. Our famous *Aſtrologer*, how came you here!

Bell. I am infinitely happy to have met you with *Donna Aurelia*, that you may do me the favor to ſatisfy this Lady of a truth which I can ſcarce perſwade her to believe.

Lop. I am glad our concernments are ſo equal: for I have

the like favour to ask from *Donna Theodosia*.

Theo. Don *Lopez* is too noble to be refus'd any thing within my power; and I am ready to do him any service after I have ask'd my Cousin if ever Don *Melchor* pretended to her?

Ann. 'Tis the very question which I was furiously resolv'd to have ask'd of you.

Theo. I must confess, he has made some professions to me: and withal I will acknowledge my own weakness so far as to tell you I have given way he should often visit me when the world believ'd him absent.

Ann. O Cavalier *Astrologer*; how have you betrayd me! did not you assure me, that Don *Melchor*'s tender Love and Inclination was for me only?

Bell. I had it from his Star, Madam, I do assure you, and if that twinkled false, I cannot help it: The truth is, there's no trusting the Planet of an inconstant man: his was moving to you when I look'd on't, and if since it has chang'd the course, I am not to be blam'd for't.

Lop. Now, Madam, the truth is evident. And for this Cavalier he might easily be deceiv'd in Don *Melchor*, for I dare affirm it to you both, he never knew to which of you he was most inclin'd: for he visited one, and writ Letters to the other.

Bell. to *Theo.* Then Madam I must claim your promise: (since I have discover'd to you, that Don *Melchor* is unworthy of your favours) that you would make me happy, who amongst my many imperfections can never be guilty of such a falshood.

Theo. If I have been deceiv'd in *Melchor*, whom I have known so long, you cannot reasonably expect I should trust you at a days acquaintance.

Bell. For that, Madam, you may know as much of me in a day as you can in all your life: all my humours circulate like my blood, at farthest, within 24 hours. I am plain and true like all my Countrey-men; you see to the bottom of me as easily as you do to the gravel of a clear stream in Autumn.

Lop. You plead so well, Sir, that I desire you would speak for me too; my cause is the same with yours, only it has not so good an Advocate.

Ann. Since I cannot make my self happy, I will have the glo-

ry to felicitate another: and therefore I declare I will reward the fidelity of Don *Lopez*.

Theo. All that I can say at present is, that I will never be *Don Melchor's*: the rest, time and your service must make out.

Bell. I have all I can expect, to be admitted as eldest servant; as preferment falls, I hope you will remember my seniority.

Cam. Mum, Don *Melchor*.

Aur. Cavaliers retire a little; we shall see to which of us he will make his Court. [*The Men withdraw.*

Enter Don Melchor.

Don *Melchor*, I thought you had been a bed before this time.

Mel. Fair *Aurelia*, this is a blessing beyond expectation to see you agen so soon.

Aur. What important business brought you hither?

Mel. Onely to make my peace with you before I slept. You know you are the Saint to whom I pay my Devotions.

Aur. And yet it was beyond your expectances to meet me? This is furiously incongruous.

Theo. advancing. Don *Melchor*, whither were you bound so late?

Mel. What shall I say? I am so confounded that I know not to which of them I should excuse my self. [*Aside.*

Theo. Pray answer me truly to one question: did you never make any Addresses to my Cousin?

Mel. Fye, fye, Madam, there's a question indeed.

Aur. How Monster of Ingratitude, can you deny the Declaration of your passion to me?

Mel. I say nothing, Madam.

Theo. Which of us is it for whom you are concern'd?

Mel. For that Madam, you must excuse me, I have more discretion then to boast a Ladies favour.

Aur. Did you counterfeit an address to me?

Mel. Still I say nothing, Madam; but I will satisfy either of you in private; for these matters are too tender for publick discourse.

Enter Lopez *and* Bellamy *haſtily, with their ſwords drawn.*

Bellamy and *Lopez!* This is ſtrange!

Lop. Ladies, we would not have diſturb'd you, but as we were walking to the Garden door, it open'd ſuddainly againſt us, and we confuſedly ſaw, by Moon-light, ſome perſons entring, but who they were we know not.

Bell. You had beſt retire into the Garden-houſe, and leave us to take our fortunes, without prejudice to your reputations.

Enter Wildblood, Maskal, Jacinta, Beatrix.

Wild. to Jacint. entring. } Do not fear, Madam, I think I heard my friends voice.

Bell. Marry hang you, is it you that have given us this hot allarm?

Wild. There's more in't than you imagine, the whole houſe is up: for ſeeing you two, and not knowing you after I had entred the Garden-door, I made too much haſte to get out again, and have left the key broken in it. With the noiſe one of the Servants came running in, whom I forc'd back; and doubtleſs he is gone for company, for you may ſee Lights running through every Chamber.

Theo. Jaci. } What will become of us?

Bell. We muſt have recourſe to our former reſolution. Let the Ladies retire into the Garden-houſe. And now I think on't you Gentlemen ſhall go in with 'em, and leave me and *Maskal* to bear the brunt on't.

Mask. Me, Sir? I beſeech you let me go in with the Ladies too; dear *Beatrix* ſpeak a good word for me, I proteſt 'tis more out of love to thy company than for any fear I have.

Bell. You Dog I have need of your Wit and Counſel. We have no time to deliberate. Will you ſtay, Sir? [*To* Maskal.

Mask. No, Sir, 'tis not for my ſafety.

Bell. Will you in, Sir? [*To* Melchor.

Mel. No Sir, 'tis not for my honor, to be aſſiſting to you: I'll

I'll to Don *Alonzo*, and help to revenge the injury you are doing him.

Bell. Then we are loſt, I can do nothing.

Wild. Nay, and you talk of honor, by your leave Sir. I hate your *Spaniſh* honor ever ſince it ſpoil'd our *Engliſh* Plays, with Faces about and t'other ſide. *Falls upon him and throws him down.*

Mel. What do you mean, you will not murder me? Muſt valour be oppreſs'd by multitudes?

Wild. Come yarly my mates, every man to his ſhare of the burthen. Come yarly hay.

The four men take him each by a Limb, and carry him out, he crying murder.

Theo. If this *Engliſhman* ſave us now, I ſhall admire his wit.

Beat. Good wits never think themſelves admir'd till they are well rewarded: you muſt pay him in *ſpecie*, Madam, give him Love for his Wit.

Enter the Men again.

Bell. Ladies fear nothing, but enter into the Garden-houſe with theſe Cavaliers———

Mask. Oh that I were a Cavalier too! *Is going with them.*

Bell. Come you back Sirrah. *Stops him.*
Think your ſelves as ſafe as in a Sanctuary, only keep quiet what ever happens.

Fac. Come away then, they are upon us.

Exeunt all but Bell. *and* Mask.

Mask. Hark, I hear the foe coming: methinks they threaten too, Sir; pray let me go in for a Guard to the Ladies and poor *Beatrix*. I can fight much better when there is a Wall betwixt me and danger.

Bell. Peace, I have occaſion for your wit to help me lye.

Mask. Sir, upon the faith of a ſinner you have had my laſt lye already; I have not one more to do me credit, as I hope to be ſav'd, Sir.

Bell. Victore, Victore; knock under you Rogue, and confeſs me conqueror, and you ſhall ſee I'll bring all off.

Enter

Enter Don *Alonzo and six Servants, with Lights, and Swords drawn.*

Alon. Search about there.

Bell. Fear nothing, do but vouch what I ſhall ſay.

Mask. For a *Paſſive* Lye I can yet do ſomething.

Alon. Stand: who goes there?

Bell. Friends.

Alon. Friends? who are you?

Bell. Noble Don *Alonzo*, ſuch as are watching for your good.

Alon. Is it you, Sennor *Ingles*? why all this noiſe and tumult? where are my Daughters and my Neece? But in the firſt place, though laſt nam'd, how came you hither, Sir.

Bell. I came hither———by Aſtrology, Sir.

Mask. My Maſter's in, Heavens ſend him good Shipping with his Lye, and all kind Devils ſtand his friends.

Alon. How, by Aſtrology, Sir? meaning you came hither by Art Magick.

Bell. I ſay, by pure Aſtrology, Sir, I foreſaw by my Art a little after I had left you, that your Neece and Daughters would this night run a riſque of being carried away from this very Garden.

Alon. O the wonders of this ſpeculation!

Bell. Thereupon I call'd immediately for my ſword, and came in all haſte to advertiſe you; but I ſee there's no reſiſting Deſtiny, for juſt as I was entring the Garden door I met the Women with their Gallants all under ſail, and outward bound.

Mask Thereupon what does me he but draws by my advice.———

Bell. How now Mr. Raskal? are you itching to be in?

Mask. Pray, Sir, let me go ſnip with you in this Lye, and be not too covetous of Honor? you know I never ſtood with you; now my courage is come to me, I cannot reſiſt the temptation.

Bell. Content; tell on.

Mask. So, in ſhort, Sir, we drew, firſt I, and then my Maſter; but, being over-power'd, they have eſcap'd us, ſo that I think you

you may go to bed and trouble your ſelf no further, for gone they are.

Bell. You tell a lye! you have curtail'd my invention: you are not fit to invent a Lye for a Bawd when ſhe would wheedle a young Squire.

Alon. Call up the Officers of Juſtice, I'll have the Town ſearch'd immediately.

Bell. 'Tis in vain, Sir; I know by my Art you'll never recover 'em: beſides, 'tis an affront to my friends the Stars, who have otherwiſe diſpos'd of 'em.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, the Key is broken in the Garden-door, and the door lock'd, ſo that of neceſſity they muſt be in the Garden yet.

Alon. Diſperſe your ſelves, ſome into the Wilderneſs, ſome into the Allies, and ſome into the Parterre: you *Diego*, go try to get out the key, and run to the Corigidore for his aſſiſtance: in the mean time I'll ſearch the Garden houſe my ſelf.

Exeunt all the Servants but one.

Mask. I'll be unbetted again if you pleaſe Sir, and leave you all the honor of it. *To* Bellamy *aſide.*

Alon. Come Cavalier, let us in together.

Bell. holding him. Hold Sir for the love of Heaven, you are not mad.

Alon. We muſt leave no place unſearch'd. A Light there.

Bell. Hold I ſay, do you know what you are undertaking? and have you arm'd your ſelf with reſolution for ſuch an adventure?

Alon. What adventure?

Bell. A word in private——The place you would go into is full of enchantments; there are at this time, for ought I know, a Legion of ſpirits in it.

Alon. You confound me with wonder, Sir!

Bell. I have been making there my Magical operations, to know the event of your Daughters flight: and, to perform it rightly, have been forc'd to call up Spirits of ſeveral Orders: and there they are humming like a ſwarm of Bees, ſome ſtalking about

about upon the ground, ſome flying, and ſome ſticking upon the Walls like Rear-mice.

Mask. The Devil's in him, he's got off again.

Alon. Now Sir I ſhall try the truth of your friendſhip to me. To confeſs the ſecret of my Soul to you, I have all my life been curious to ſee a Devil: And to that purpoſe have con'd *Agrippa* through and through, and made experiment of all his rules, *Pari die & incremento Lunæ*, and yet could never compaſs the ſight of one of theſe *Dæmoniums*: if you will ever oblige me let it be on this occaſion.

Mask. There's another ſtorm ariſing.

Bell. You ſhall pardon me, Sir, I'll not expoſe you to that peril for the world, without due preparations of ceremony.

Alon. For that, Sir, I always carry a *Taliſman* about me; that will ſecure me: and therfore I will venture in a God's name, and defy 'em all at once. [*Going in.*

Mask. How the pox will he get off from this?

Bell. Well, Sir, ſince you are ſo reſolv'd, ſend off your Servant that there may be no noiſe made on't, and we'll take our venture.

Alon. Pedro, leave your Light, and help the fellow ſearch the Garden. *Exit Servant.*

Mask. What does my incomprehenſible Maſter mean?

Bell. Now I muſt tell you Sir, you will ſee that which will very much aſtoniſh you if my Art fail me not. [*Goes to the door.*] You Spirits and Intelligences that are within there, ſtand cloſe, and ſilent, at your peril, and fear nothing, but appear in your own ſhapes, boldly.——Maskal *open the door.*

Maskal *goes to one ſide of the Scene, which draws and diſcovers* Theo. Jac. Aur. Beat. Cam. Lop Wild. *ſtanding all without motion in a rank.*

Now Sir, what think you?

Alon. They are here, they are here: we need ſearch no farther. Ah you ungracious baggages! [*Going toward them*

Bell. Stay, or you'll be torn in pieces: theſe are the very ſhapes I Conjur'd up, and truly repreſent to you in what company your Niece and Daughters are, this very moment.

Alon.

Alon. Why are they not they? I durſt have ſworn that ſome of 'em had been my own fleſh and blood——Look; one of them is juſt like that Rogue your Camrade.

Wildblood *ſhakes his head and frowns at him.*

Bell. Do you ſee how you have provok'd that *Engliſh* Devil: take heed of him; if he gets you once into his clu'ches: ——

——— Wildblood *embracing* Jacinta.

Alon. He ſeems to have got poſſeſſion of the Spirit of my *Jacinta*, by his hugging her.

Bell. Nay, I imagin'd as much: do but look upon his Phyſiognomy, you have read *Baptiſta Porta*: has he not the leer of a very lewd debauch'd Spirit?

Alon. He has indeed: Then there's my Neece *Aurelia*, with the Spirit of Don *Lopez*; but that's well enough; and my Daughter *Theodoſia* all alone: pray how comes that about?

Bell. She's provided for with a Familiar too: one that is in this very room with you, and by your Elbow; but I'll ſhow you him ſome other time.

Alon. And that Baggage *Beatrix*, how I would ſwinge her if I had her here; I lay my life ſhe was in the Plot for the flight of her Miſtreſſes. Beat. *claps her hands at him.*

Bell. Sir, you do ill to provoke her: for being the Spirit of a Woman, ſhe is naturally miſchievous: you ſee ſhe can ſcarce hold her hands from you already.

Mask. Let me alone to revenge your quarrel upon *Beatrix*: if e're ſhe come to light I'll take a courſe with her I warrant you, Sir.

Bell. Now come away, Sir, have you ſeen enough: the Spirits are in pain whilſt we are here, we keep 'em too long condens'd in bodies: if we were gone, they would rarify into air immediately. *Maskal* ſhut the door.

Maskal *goes to the Scene, and it cloſes.*

Alon. Monſtrum hominis! O prodigy of Science!

Enter two Servants with Don Melchor.

Bell. Now help me with a lye, *Maskal*, or we are loſt.

Mask. Sir, I could never lye with Man or Woman in a fright.

Ser. Sir, we found this Gentleman bound and gagg'd, and he desir'd us to bring him to you with all haste imaginable.

Mel. O Sir, Sir, your two Daughters and your Niece ——

Bell. They are gone he knows it: but are you mad, Sir, to set this pernicious wretch at liberty?

Mel. I endeavour'd all that I was able ——

Mask. Now Sir I have it for you —— *Aside to his Master.* He was endeavoring indeed to have got away with 'em: for your Daughter *Theodosia* was his prize: but we prevented him, and left him in the condition in which you see him.

Alon. I thought somewhat was the matter that *Theodosia* had not a Spirit by her, as her Sister had.

Bell. This was he I meant to shew you.

Mel. Do you believe him, Sir?

Bell. No, no, believe him, Sir: you know his truth ever since he stole your Daughters Diamond.

Mel. I swear to you by my honor.

Alon. Nay, a thief I knew him, and yet after that he had the impudence to ask me for my Daughter.

Bell. Was he so impudent? the case is plain, Sir, put him quickly into custody.

Mel. Hear me but one word, Sir, and I'll discover all to you

Bell. Hear him not, Sir: for my Art assures me if he speaks one syllable more, he will cause great mischief.

Alon. Will he so? I'll stop my Ears, away with him:

Mel. Your Daughters are yet in the Garden, hidden by this fellow and his accomplices.

Alon. *at the same time drowning him.* } I'll stop my ears, I'll stop my ears.

Bell. Mask. *at the same time also.* } A Thief, a Thief, away with him.

[*Servants carry* Melchor *off struging.*

Alon. He thought to have born us down with his confidence.

Enter

Enter another Servant.

Ser. Sir, with much ado we have got out the Key, and open'd the door.

Alon. Then, as I told you, run quickly to the Corigidor, and deſire him to come hither in perſon to examine a maleſactor.

[Wildblood *ſneezes within.*

Alon. Hark, what noiſe is that within? I think one ſneezes.

Bell. One of the Devils, I warrant you has got a cold with being ſo long out of the fire.

Alon. Bleſs his Devilſhip, as I may ſay.

[Wildblood *ſneezes again.*

Ser. to Don *Alonzo.* This is a mans voice, do not ſuffer your ſelf to be deceiv'd ſo groſly, Sir.

Mask. A man's voice, that's a good one indeed! that you ſhould live to theſe years, and yet be ſo ſilly, as not to know a Man from a Devil.

Alon. There's more in't then I imagin'd: hold up your Torch and go in firſt, *Pedro*, and I'll follow you.

Mask. No, let me have the honor to be your Uſher.

[*Takes the Torch and goes in.*

Mask. within. Help, help, help.

Alon. What's the matter?

Bell. Stir not upon your life, Sir.

Enter Maskal *again without the Torch.*

Mask. I was no ſooner entred, but a huge Giant ſeiz'd my Torch, and fell'd me all along, with the very whiff of his breath as he paſt by me.

Alon. Bleſs us!

Bell. *at the door to them within.* Paſs out now while you have time in the dark: the Officers of Juſtice will be here immediately, the Garden door is open for you.

Alon. What are you muttering there, Sir?

Bell. Only diſmiſſing theſe Spirits of darkneſs, that they may trouble you no further: go out I ſay.

They all come out upon the Stage, groaping their way. Wildblood *falls into* Alonzo's *hands.*

Alon. I have caught ſome body; are theſe your Spirits? another Light quickly, *Pedro.*

Mask. ſlipping between Alonzo and Wildblood. 'Tis *Maskal* you have caught, Sir; do you mean to ſtrangle me that you preſs me ſo hard between your Arms?

Alon *letting go.* Is it thee *Maskal*? I durſt have ſworn it had been another.

Bell. Make haſte now before the Candle comes.

Aurelia *falls into* Alonzo's *Arms.*

Alon. Now I have another.

Aur. 'Tis *Maskal* you have caught, Sir.

Alon. No, I thank you Niece, this artifice is too groſs; I know your voice a little better. What ho bring Lights there.

Bell. Her impertinence has ruin'd all.

Enter Servants with Lights, and Swords drawn

Ser. Sir, the Corigidor is coming according to your deſire: in the mean time we have ſecur'd the Garden-doors.

Alon. I am glad on't: I'll make ſome of 'em ſevere examples.

Wild. Nay, then as we have liv'd merrily, ſo let us dye together: but we'll ſhew the *Don* ſome ſport firſt.

Theo. What will become of us!

Fac. We'll dye for company: nothing vexes me but that I am not a man to have one thruſt at that malicious old Father of mine before I go.

Lop. Let us break our way through the Corigidor's band.

Fac. A match y'faith: we'll venture our bodies with you, you ſhall put the Baggage in the middle.

Wild. He that pierces thee, I ſay no more, but I ſhall be ſomewhat angry with him: [*To* Alonzo.] in the mean time! I arreſt you, Sir, in the behalf of this good company. As the Corigidor uſes us, ſo we'll uſe you.

Alon. You do not mean to murder me!

Bell. You murder your ſelf if you force us to it.

Wild. Give me a Razor there, that I may ſcrape his Weeſon, that the Briſtles may not hinder me when I come to cut it.

Bell.

Bell. What need you bring matters to that extremity? you have your ranſom in your hand: here are three Men, and there are three Women; you underſtand me.

Fac. If not, here's a Sword and there's a Throat: you underſtand me.

Alon. This is very hard!

Theo. The propoſitions are good, and Marriage is as honorable as it us'd to be.

Beat. You had beſt let your Daughters live branded with the name of Strumpets: for what ever befalls the Men, that will be ſure to be their ſhare.

Alon. I can put them into a Nunnery.

All the Women. A Nunnery!

Fac. I would have thee to know, thou graceleſs old Man, that I defy a Nunnery: name a Nunnery once more, and I diſown thee for my Father.

Lop. You know the Cuſtom of the Countrey, in this caſe, Sir: 'tis either Death or Marriage: the buſineſs will certainly be publick; and if they dye, they have ſworn you ſhall bear 'em company.

Alon. Since it muſt be ſo, run *Pedro* and ſtop the Corigidor: tell him it was only a Carnival merriment, which I miſtook for a Rape and Robbery.

Fac. Why now you are a dutiful Father again, and I receive you into grace.

Bell. Among the reſt of your miſtakes, Sir, I muſt deſire you to let my *Aſtrology* paſs for one: my Mathematicks, and Art Magick were only a Carnival devices; and now that's ending, I have more mind to deal with the Fleſh than with the Devil.

Alon. No *Aſtrologer*! 'tis impoſſible!

Mask. I have known him, Sir, this ſeven years, and dare take my oath he has been always an utter ſtranger to the Stars: and indeed to any thing that belongs to Heaven.

Lop. Then I have been couzen'd among the reſt.

Theo. And I; but I forgive him.

Beat. I hope you will forgive me, Madam; who have been the:

the cauſe on't; but what he wants in *Aſtrology* he ſhall make up to you ſome other way, I'll paſs my word for him.

Alon. I hope you are both Gentlemen?

Bell. As good as the Cid himſelf, Sir.

Alon. And for your Religion, right *Romans*———

Wild. As ever was *Marc Anthony*.

Alon. For your Fortunes and Courages———

Mask. They are both deſperate, Sir; eſpecially their fortunes.

Theo. to Bell. You ſhould not have my conſent ſo ſoon, but only to revenge my ſelf upon the falſeneſs of Don *Melchor*.

Aur. I muſt avow that gratitude, for Don *Lopez* is as prevalent with me as revenge againſt Don *Melchor*.

Alon. Lent, you know begins to morrow; when that's over Marriage will be proper.

Fac. If I ſtay till after *Lent*, I ſhall be to marry when I have no Love left: I'll not bate you an Ace of to night, Father: I mean to bury this man e'r *Lent* be done, and get me another before *Eaſter*.

Alon. Well, make a night on't then. [*Giving his Daughters.*

Wild. Facinta, Wildblood. welcome to me: ſince our Stars have doom'd it ſo, we cannot help it: but 'twas a meer trick of Fate, to catch us thus at unawares: to draw us with a what do you lack, as we paſs'd by: had we once ſeparated to night, we ſhould have had more wit than ever to have met again to morrow.

Fac. 'Tis true, we ſhot each other flying: we were both upon wing I find; and had we paſs'd this Critical minute, I ſhould have gone for the *Indies*, and you for *Greenland*, e're we had met in a bed upon conſideration.

Mask. You have quarrell'd twice to night without bloodſhed, 'ware the third time.

Fac. Apropos! I have been retrieving an old Song of a Lover that was ever quarrelling with his Miſtreſs: I think it will fit our amour ſo well, that if you pleaſe I'll give it you for an *Epithalamium*, and you ſhall ſing it.

[*Gives him a Paper.*

Wild.

Wild. I never ſung in all my life; nor ever durſt try when I was alone, for fear of braying.

Fac. Juſt me, up and down; but for a frolick let's ſing together: for I am ſure if we cannot ſing now, we ſhall never have cauſe when we are married.

Wild. Begin then; give me my Key, and I'll ſet my voice to't.

Fac. Fa la, fa la, fa la.

Wild. Fala, fala, fala. Is this your beſt, upon the faith of a Virgin?

Fac. I by the Muſes, I am at my pitch.

Wild, Then do your worſt: and let the company be judge who ſings worſt.

Jac. Upon condition the beſt ſinger ſhall wear the Breeches: prepare to ſtrip, Sir; I ſhall put you into your Drawers preſently.

Wild. I ſhall be reveng'd with putting you into your Smock anon; *St. George* for me,

Fac. St. James for me: come ſtart Sir.

SONG.

Damon. Celimena, *of my heart,*
None ſhall e're bereave you:
If with your good leave I may
Quarrel with you once a day.
I will never leave you.

2.

Celimena. *Paſſion's but an empty name*
Where reſpect is wanting:
Damon *you miſtake your aim;*
Hang your Heart, and burn your Flame.
If you muſt be ranting.

3.

Damon. *Love as dull and muddy is,*
As decaying Liquor:
Anger ſets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

Celi-

4.

Celimena. *Love by quarrels to beget*
Wisely you endeavour;
With a grave Physitian's wit.
Who to cure an Ague fit
Put me in a Feavor.

5.

Damon. *Anger rouzes Love to fight,*
And his only bait is,
'Tis the spurre to dull delight,
And is but an eager bite,
When desire at height is.

6.

Celimena. *If such drops of heat can fall*
In our wooing weather;
If such drops of heat can fall,
We shall have the Devil and all
When we come together.

Wild. Your judgement, Gentlemen: a Man or a Maid?

Bell. And you make no better harmony after you are married then you have before, you are the miserablest couple in Christendom.

Wild. 'Tis no great matter; if I had had a good voice she would have spoil'd it before to morrow.

Bell. When *Maskal* has married *Beatrix*, you may learn of her.

Mask. You shall put her life into a Lease then,

Wild. Upon condition that when I drop into your house from hunting, I may set my Slippers at your door, as a *Turk* does at a *Jews*, that you may not enter.

Beat. And while you refresh your self within, he shall wind the horn without.

Mask. I'll throw up my Lease first.

Bell.

Bell. Why thou would'ſt not be ſo impudent, to marry *Beatrix* for thy ſelf only?

Beat. For all his ranting and tearing now, I'll paſs my word he ſhall degenerate into as tame and peaceable a Husband as a civil Woman would wiſh to have.

Enter Don Melchor *with a Servant.*

Mel. Sir———

Alon. I know what you would ſay, but your diſcovery comes too late now.

Mel. Why the Ladies are found.

Aur. But their inclinations are loſt, I can aſſure you.

Fac. Look you, Sir, there goes the game: your Plate Fleet is divided; half for *Spain*, and half for *England*.

Theo. You are juſtly puniſh'd for loving two.

Mel. Yet I have the comfort of a caſt Lover: I will think well of my ſelf; and deſpiſe my Miſtreſſes. *Exit.*

DANCE.

Bell. Enough, enough; let's end the Carnival abed.

Wild. And for theſe Gentlemen, when e're they try,
May they all ſpeed aſſoon, and well as I.

Exeunt omnes.

Epilogue.

MY Part being ſmall, I have had time to day,
To mark your various cenſures of our Play:
Firſt, looking for a Judgement or a Wit,
Like Jews I ſaw 'em ſcatter'd through the Pit:
And where a knot of Smilers lent an Ear
To one that talk'd, I knew the Foe was there.
The Club of jeſts went round; he who had none,
Borrow'd o'th' next, and told it for his own:
Among the reſt they kept a fearful ſtir,
In whiſp'ring that he ſtole th' Aſtrologer;
And ſaid, betwixt a French and Engliſh Plot
He eas'd his halfe-tir'd Muſe, on Pace and Trot.
Up ſtarts a Mounſieur, new come o're; and warm
In the French ſtoop; and the pull back o'th' Arm;
Morbleu dit il, and cocks, I am a Rogue
But he has quite ſpoil'd the fein'd Aſtrologue.
Pox, ſays another; here's ſo great a ſtir
With a Son of a Whore, Farce that's regular,
A Rule where nothing muſt decorum ſhock!
Dam' me 'ts as dull as Dining by the Clock.
An Evening! why the Devil ſhould we be vext
Whether he gets the Wench this night or next?
When I heard this, I to the Poet went,
Told him the Houſe was full of Diſcontent,
And ask'd him what excuſe he could invent.

He

He neither ſwore nor ſtorm'd as Poets do,
But, moſt unlike an Author, vow'd 'twas true.
Yet ſaid, he us'd the French *like Enemies,*
And did not ſteal their Plots, but made 'em Prize.
But ſhould he all the pains and charges count
Of taking 'em, the Bill ſo high won'd mount
That, like Prize-Goods, which through the Office come,
He could have had 'em much more cheap at home.
He ſtill muſt write; and Banquier-like, each day
Accept new Bills, and he muſt break, or pay.
When through his hands ſuch ſums muſt yearly run,
You cannot think the Stock is all his own.
His haſte his other errors might excuſe;
But there's no mercy for a guilty Muſe:
For like a Miſtreſs, ſhe muſt ſtand or fall,
And pleaſe you to a height, or not at all.

FINIS.